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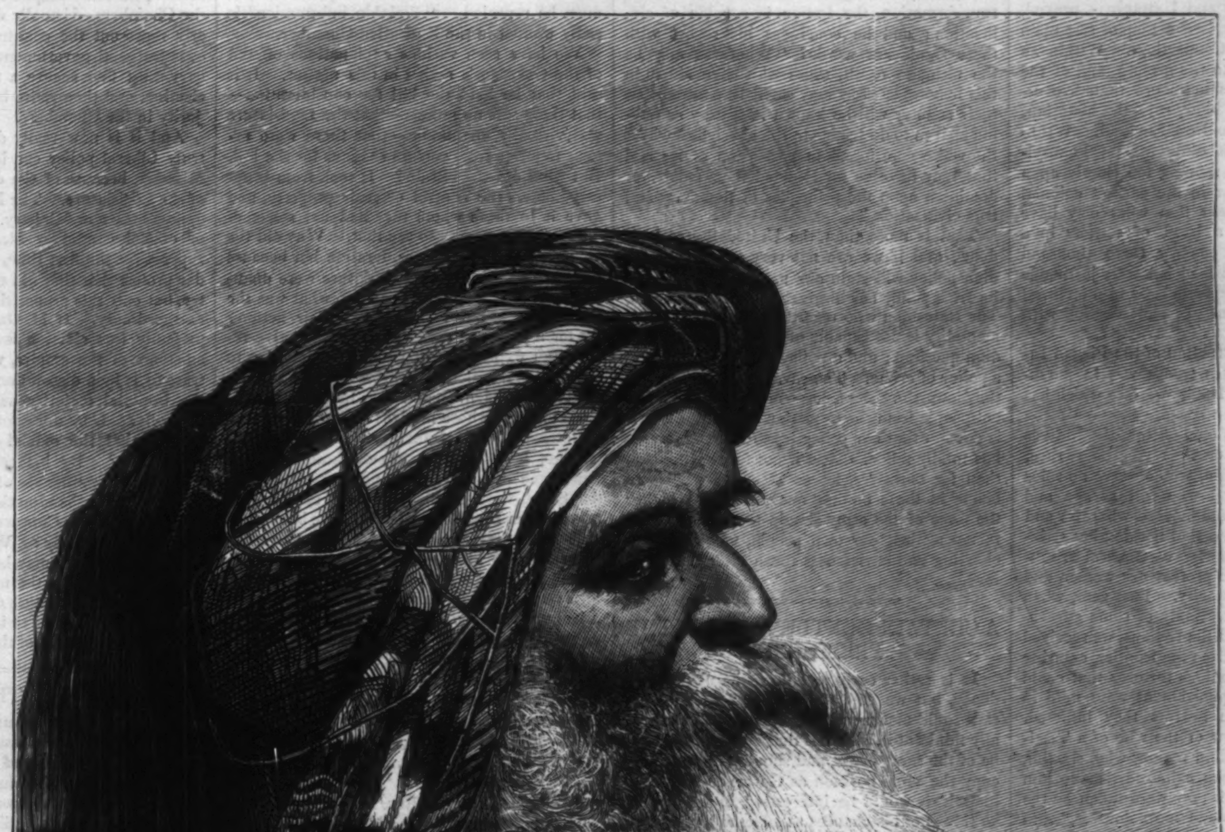
THE SHEIKH.

It was the opinion of Baron Larrey, the celebrated French military surgeon, that Adam and Eve were Arabs. He pronounced the Arab skull to be the most perfect type of the human head, and affirmed the intellectual traits of these children of the desert to be equal to their finely-developed physical organization. Their external senses are exquisitely acute and remarkably perfect; their sight is extensive in its range: they hear at very great distances; and they are capable of distinguishing the most subtle odors. But the Baron does not decide whether the perfect organization of the Arab arises from the desert climate or from the early cultivation of the higher faculties. "Sharp features, lean active figures, keen, animated, and restless eyes," says that great ethnologist, Dr. Pritchard, "mark the Arab. Men not unlike Mohammed are often met with among the Sheikhs. Often you see Bedouins with long, thin, almost fleshless faces, and large and finely formed features, which, half covered by the folds of their white head-dresses, look somewhat sad and ghastly." "The Bedouin's dark orbs," says Mr. Kinglake, "roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes. His countenance shows painful thought and long-suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams, and cries more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured."

The true Bedouin has an aquiline nose, a receding mouth and chin, deep-set, bright dark eyes, large and ardent.—He is agile and spare, with little muscle, but active and vigorous; his limbs are small, his hands sometimes of almost feminine delicacy.—The Bedouin's hair is almost always of a deep black, and very bushy; the expression of their physiognomy is stern and severe. The Arabs high up the Nile, beyond Dongola, are black as negroes; while in the mountains on the west of Yemen, Bruce reports them as often having red hair and blue eyes. Niebuhr describes the mountain women as very pretty, but Eöthen found the nomad maidens plain, haggard, and clumsy, without religion, and addicted to tobacco. Hospitable the Arabs are, and when they have them they will share with all who come beneath their tent-roof their camels' milk, curds, and bread.

The picture from which our engraving of the old, white-bearded shiekh is taken is by Mr. Carl Haag, one of the best of modern English artists in water-color. It has a venerable, patriarchal appearance, and seems to justify Baron Larrey's opinion of the intellectual capacities of the Arab race.


THE SHEIKH.—[From a Painting by Carl Haag.]

WHENCE COME METEORITES?

In examining a mass of meteoric iron found in the Cordillera of Deesa (Chili), M. Stanislas Meunier, of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has discovered evidences of an unexpected relationship between this iron and two meteorites fallen at a great distance from Chili, viz., a mass of iron found at Caille (Alpes Maritimes), and a stone which fell at Sétif (Algeria), June 9, 1867.

The meteorite of Deesa is a mixture of these two rocks; it is composed of iron which is identical with that of Caille, injected in a sort of fusion into a stone which is identical with that of Sétif. The iron of Deesa is thus evidently an eruptive rock, and it is the first hitherto observed among meteorites. Besides this, it is asserted that the iron resembling that found at Caille, and the stone resembling that of Sétif, have been mutually connected by stratification upon an unknown globe, and it is the first time that such a connection has been materially demonstrated.

M. Meunier remarks that the meteorites which now arrive upon the earth are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Formerly iron fell; now stones fall. During the last 118 years there have been in Europe but three falls of iron, whereas there have been, annually, on an average, three falls of stones. The greater number of meteoric irons which exist in the Paris collection have fallen on the earth at undetermined epochs; all the meteoric stones are of comparative recent date. Perhaps we are even justified in saying that stones of a new kind are beginning to arrive, for falls of *carbonaceous meteorites* were unknown before the year 1803, and four have been observed since then.

From this assemblage of facts M. Stanislas Meunier concludes that meteorites are the fragments of one or more heavenly bodies which, at a period relatively recent (for these waifs are never found except in superficial strata), revolved round the earth, or perhaps round the moon.—Having in the course of ages lost their own proper heat, and become penetrated by the cold of space, they have arrived, much sooner than the moon, by reason of their inferior volume, at the last term of the molecular actions which are operating upon our satellite, and which are rendered evident to our eyes by the enormous crevices, the deep fissures, with which it is furrowed. Split in all directions, they have fallen to ruin, and their fragments remaining scattered along the orbit, so as to form a circle more or less complete, have at the same time become arranged, according to their density, in zones concentric with the focus of attraction, toward which they are constantly impelled by the resistance of the ethereal medium through which they move. The masses nearest to the centre, and which were principally composed of iron, were the first to fall; afterward came the stones, in which period we now are. Hereafter, perhaps, will arrive meteorites analogous to our crystallized formations, and perhaps even to our stratified beds.

Thus meteorites, the veritable products of demolition, represent, according to M. Meunier, the last period of the evolution of planetary bodies. The incandescent orb, the sun, figures at the present day in our system as the sole representative of the primitive state through which the earth, and all the other bodies which revolve around it, have passed; the moon representing the future which awaits the terrestrial sphere, now in all the plenitude of life; and, finally, meteorites show us what becomes of the dead stars, how they are decomposed, and how their materials return into the vortex of life.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 19, 1870.

OUR INDIAN POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

On the 24th of May, 1637, before dawn, Captains Mason and Underhill prayed, broke camp, and surprised a Pequot fort upon the Mystic River in Connecticut. Within an hour it was burned to the ground, and of the four hundred Indians not more than five escaped. This fearful blow, says the historian, secured civilization in New England. William Penn secured it differently in Pennsylvania. But without refining too closely upon the necessities of war in the earliest colonial times, is it not evident that what may have been necessary for a band of settlers in a strange and savage country three thousand miles from their own land is hardly justifiable two hundred and fifty years later in a civilized nation of forty millions of people dealing with some thousands of skulking savages?

Yet the recent destruction of the Piegan Indians by United States troops was in pursuance of that policy of Indian warfare which has undoubtedly the general approval. We mean that it is the common opinion that the Indians are a treacherous, cruel, remorseless race, wretched human vermin, who observe no rules of honorable war, and who will ravage and murder the innocent and helpless wherever and whenever they can, and that nothing but striking them "where it hurts," as General Sheridan says, will tend to protect our women and children from their ferocity. Last year, when we had spoken deprecatingly of some government severities toward the Indians, we received an indignant protest from the frontier, assuring us that the most ingenious tortures that could be devised for their punishment were mild in comparison with the horrors they inflicted. And recently we knew of the wife of a Territorial judge in an Indian region, who, starting with her husband upon a journey, made him promise to shoot her if they were taken by the Indians. "And I would have done it," said the judge, quietly.

It is not surprising that under such circumstances the popular Indian policy of the frontier should be extermination. And, undoubtedly, the feeling which led to the destruction of the Piegans was, at bottom, precisely the same as that which burned the Pequot fort upon the Mystic. Nevertheless, the policy of extermination is inhuman and unworthy of the United States; and it is also enormously expensive. It costs the Government, says Mr. Phillips, about a million of dollars to kill a single Indian. Moreover, what must be the moral effect upon an army and its officers of such a system of warfare? In the Middle Age chronicles we read that captured cities were given up to the license of the soldiery for several days. And one such little sentence appalls the imagination quite as much as the most harrowing stories of Indian enormities.

No exposed family upon the frontier need suppose that we are indifferent to its situation, nor to the question of its most vigorous and successful defense. The very point to determine is how it can be best defended.

General Parker, the Indian agent or superintendent, himself of Indian descent, does not approve the policy of extermination. President Grant does not approve it. The country, which gives but a languid attention to the subject, and is willing to believe any crime of savages, must yet observe that the Indian question is by no means settled by the present policy; the exposed families are not defended; and, if it inquires, it will discover that in Canada Indian wars are unknown, and that the Indian policy of that country is radically different from ours. One of the most valuable and interesting documents laid before Congress during its present session is the Report upon the Management of the Indians in British North America by the British Government, by Mr. F. N. Blake, United States Consul at Hamilton, Ontario. According to the census of 1868 there were more than 20,000 Indians in the Dominion of Canada, and the effort of the Government is directed to their incorporation with the rest of the inhabitants as citizens. The British policy aims to place the Indians under the protection of the law of the land. Our plan is to keep them aliens, and to make treaties with them as foreign people living upon our own domain. The result in the first case is unbroken peace; in the second, endless war.

The British act of 1869 for the management of Indian affairs recognizes, indeed, to a certain degree, the existence and the authority of tribes, and provides a Superintendent-General of Indian affairs. The chiefs are elected under his supervision, and certain local duties are laid upon them. But the culmination of the system is that, on the report of the Superintendent, the Governor-General in council may issue letters of enfranchisement to any Indian by which he may acquire the fee of land, and all legal distinctions between him and other subjects cease. But Mr. Blake is of opinion that the better plan for the Indian is not in this manner to separate the best men from the communities, but to divide the land question from enfranchisement, and to give ordinary political rights to the most thrifty and intelligent without tempting them to desert their communities. Mr. Blake adds, that careful study of the subject brings him to the conclusion of the Canadian Commissioners in 1858, that, although there can be no sudden transformation, the Indian is capable of civilization; and he concludes his report with these significant words: "Whatever may be the ultimate result, those who have aided in this honorable effort may safely be assured that their country will be known in history as having striven to do justice to the aborigines whom the white man found in possession of it; and that they have so far founded their empire or dominion upon the principles of humanity and true civilization."

That is more than the United States have done; and if we are not very careful our Indian policy will stain our name as indelibly as its Irish policy has disgraced England hitherto. The statesman who regards humanity as sentimentality is not capable of dealing with the Indian question; and a policy of extermination is a policy of crime. The savages of the plains—the Sioux, the Camanches—may be a very different people from the Canadian Indians. But it is enough that our policy toward them hitherto has totally failed. And if not for the Indians, then for ourselves, let us ascertain who is to blame in these endless quarrels, and whether the force of the army should not rather be directed against our own people, whose endless cheating and lawlessness rouse their victims to revenge.

A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

It is rather early to talk of the next Presidency, but we suppose that Governor Hoffman could mention a gentleman who occasionally thinks of it. And if that gentleman should be of the same name, and should happen to occupy the same position as Governor Hoffman himself, it would be interesting to know what he thinks of his chances as affected by the present quarrel in his party. It can certainly be said with truth that the gentleman in question would never be thought of as a Presidential candidate if there were any conspicuous candidate in his party. Mr. Horatio Seymour is unquestionably the most prominent Democrat in the country, but his rejection by the people in 1868 was so signal that he is not likely to be again a candidate for the Presidency. If Mr. Seymour had had the insight of a patriotic statesman when he was elected Governor in 1862, he might have commanded a very different subsequent career. But his political life is probably ended, unless he should take an active part in a Presidential election resulting favorably to his party, when, if the successful candidate were not from New York, Mr. Seymour would undoubtedly be made Secretary of State.

Governor Hoffman probably hopes that the candidate may be from New York, and may be successful, although modesty might forbid him to mention who the candidate should be. But has the gentleman whom the Governor has in mind for the Presidency made any mark upon his party in the country, and is his position in the party in his own State as commanding as it is officially prominent? He was Recorder of New York, and sentenced the rioters of 1863. Then the Tammany Ring, conscious that it must have a candidate of respectable antecedents, nominated and elected him Mayor. He was re-elected, receiving the support of many Republicans, to secure the defeat of Fernando Wood. As Mayor, the most memorable act of this gentleman was a proclamation protecting electoral frauds, which cost him the votes of some of the most honorable men of his own party. By means of these frauds, which were the work of the Tammany Ring, this gentleman became Governor. He is now in the second year of his office, and his most memorable act as Governor is the signature of the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous schemes of the Ring, to which this gentleman owes all his prominence.

Of course, if this gentleman should not be renominated as Governor, he could hardly hope for a nomination as President, because he depends for success, not upon his own powers, not upon any natural leadership, but upon adroit political management. In a National Convention of his party, and without official position, he would have no more weight than any other delegate. He does not rank with the great Democrats of New York—with Michael Hoffman, Marcy, Silas Wright, nor even with Horatio Seymour. A famous political manager used to say that he had invented certain persons in politics; and it may be said of this gentleman politically that he is not a self-made man. If any body doubts it, let him ask Mr. Sweeny and his friends.

And now comes the difficulty. The Democratic enemies of the Ring declare that it shall not send a delegate to the next State Convention. But, if so, the Ring no longer controls the party in the State. And if this be so, what shall a poor henchman of the Ring do, who gave the sign of his total subserviency in his signature to the Erie bill? Plainly, if the Ring is gone, repeal the bill. But *is* it gone? And if not, and the bill be repealed, and the henchman approve, then what? Let the compassionate reader confess that the gentleman of whom we speak is in a cruel situation. If Mr. Sweeny and his friends are still in power, the Erie bill must be maintained; if they are not, it must be repealed. "Reliable information" is sadly wanted in the Executive Chamber.

We have seen various explanations offered of the Governor's action in this matter. It is said that he held the bill for consideration—that there was no protest—that the Legislature was virtually unanimous—that there were urgent requests from certain sections for the bill. But what did the bill do? It took from property-holders the control of their property, and gave it to those whom they had not selected. To read the bill was to see that. Why did the Governor hold it in consideration but because he saw it? And if the Legislature were unanimous in so unpardonable an act, what was the Governor for but to withstand their action? As for a public protest, does the Executive require an expression of general indignation to prevent his sanctioning so gross an outrage upon fundamental rights? and does he plead the request of those whose motives he could not know in defense of such a sanction? If the Erie bill had not been the measure of those who had "invented" the Governor, and who, controlling the State, were in his judgment essential to making him President, would it have been signed? And if the gentleman whom Governor Hoffman has in mind when he thinks of the Presidency approved such a bill as the Erie for such reasons, or for any other, and if he is politically wholly the invention of the Ring, and the Ring is broken, does he see any reason whatever why his party in the State or in the country should prefer such a gentleman to any New York Democrat who is guiltless of complicity with the Ring?

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. John McClintock, whose portrait, with a biographical sketch, we give elsewhere, the country loses one of its accomplished and most useful scholars, the Methodist denomination one of its most able and eloquent preachers, and his personal friends a delightful and inspiring companion. Dr. McClintock's knowledge was varied, extensive, and accurate. He studied with the zeal of a lover, and he had a remarkable power of readily turning his learning to the best account, either as a teacher, an author, or an orator. For preaching, indeed, he was peculiarly fitted. He had the warm temperament, the presence, the voice, the electrical and broad sympathy, that are essential to the popular orator, while the nobility of his nature and a certain simplicity and modesty endeared him to those who knew only the man. His literary labor was incessant and fruitful; but his chief and most permanent work is his "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," upon which he had been long engaged with Dr. James Strong.

His patriotism was as firm and positive as his character. During the war he was pastor of the American chapel in Paris, and his labors to enlighten the European mind upon the real scope and significance of the great American contest were incessant and most efficient. No American then in Europe understood better than he how to affect public opinion upon the subject most powerfully. He served his country and his kind as truly as if he had been a General in the field; and to those in Europe who doubted, as well as to those who believed, he was himself a living illustration of the better American. When he returned to this country he found new duties growing out of the war awaiting him, and with his whole heart he did his share in wisely caring for the freedmen. But there was no narrowness, no sourness, either in his patriotism or in his religion. Amidst all his interests, in all his busy career, he was not only always active, devoted, efficient, but he was equally generous and kindly. John McClintock had the large, charitable Christian heart that makes life beautiful and its memory precious.

THE CURIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

M. Ollivier, the new French Prime Minister, has apparently made a fatal mistake. He refused to dissolve the Legislature and appeal to the country, upon the ground that it already represented the people. Soon afterward he declared that official candidates could no longer be tolerated; in other words, that the prefects must not secure the election of candidates nominated from the Tuileries. But this was very unwelcome to a great part of the Chambers, who were chosen in that manner, and the Minister was opposed by a very large majority, who carried their resolution to sustain such candidacies by a vote of 187 to 56. Before the vote was taken M. Ollivier asked that it be not made a vote of want of confidence. But such it practically is; for it must be considered a vital point. And thus the new Liberal Minister, who refused to appeal to the people, is left in the minority, like our Republican friends in Maryland who refused to enfranchise the colored citizens.

M. Ollivier has fatally weakened his position, because it is now evident that he depends upon the support of a majority which, by his motion, he has—despite his refusal to dissolve the Chambers—virtually declared do not properly represent the country. If there is to be constitutional government in France, the Ministry must first secure a really honest popular election, and then retire before an adverse majority in the Chambers.

And it is now really difficult to see how a truly Liberal policy can be carried out by the Ministry, because of the defective constitution of the Legislature. The Liberal members have opposed the new Ministry. Upon this question of official candidacy M. Ollivier had their support for the first time, and it was given under protest that they did not sustain the Ministry, but only this proposition. The situation is extraordinary. If M. Ollivier thinks that a perfectly free election is compatible with the existence of the empire, why did he decline to trust to it by a dissolution, since he knew that the Imperial majority had been "cooked" at the polls? If he does not think so, why did he declare that the official candidacies must be abandoned? By his refusal to dissolve he alienated the confidence of the Liberals; by his proposition to abandon the candidacies he has shaken that of the Conservatives. Upon which does he mean to rely? Whatever the explanation of his conduct may be, if his proposition is honestly made, it is the most positive evidence of the conscious strength of the empire, because it shows a willingness to intrust its existence to an uncontrolled vote of the people.

LEGAL TENDER.

In 1797, during the war with Napoleon, the British Government passed a law which made it illegal for the Bank of England to pay coin for its bills except for some state purposes, and declared that any debtor who should tender such bills should not be liable to arrest. During the progress of the war Lord King attempted to make collections from his tenants in gold and silver; when a further act was passed that, in case of distraint for rent, the tenant, on making such tender of bank-bills, should be entitled to have his property distrained upon delivered up, and that whoever, by any device or contrivance, took such bills for less than their nominal value should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Lord Eldon, in sustaining this act, stated that he had the official care of twenty-five millions of the property of his Majesty's subjects, and that since the passage of the act restraining coin payments he had been unable to make any collections except in Bank of England notes; and that it was proper, therefore, to place proceedings for distress on the same footing. In *effect*, therefore, the bills of the Bank of England were made a legal tender, and they so stood from 1797 for over twenty years.

The motive for passing the original act is stated in the preamble to have been that specie had been shipped to the Continent, and that there was danger that the credit of the Bank and Government might be jeoparded if coin payments were not prevented. As between debtors and creditors in England, collections were made in legal proceedings in no other medium than Bank ot England notes, which notes constituted the ordinary currency of the kingdom until, and for several years after, the termination of the war. As England was the most opulent nation in the world during all this period, and was deeply interested in preserving the highest monetary standard, her example is proof of the *necessity* of this resort in time of war, on the part of all nations less favorably situated as to pecuniary means.

In the recent war in this country the Treasury notes of the Government were declared to be a legal tender in all suits instituted for the recovery of debts, and this was sustained by the highest court of nearly every loyal State. In Kentucky the act, in its application to a debt existing at the time of its passage, was declared to be illegal by a court composed of judges many of them unfriendly to the Union; and this decision has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, in effect reversing the other decisions.

The policy pursued by the English, in giving a forced circulation to the bills of the Bank of England, enabled the Government to conduct its financial operations during the war with success; and although there are differences of opinion among citizens of the United States as to the expediency of giving a forced circulation to the Treasury notes of the Government, there is no doubt that the plan accomplished the object intended.

The circumstances under which recourse was had to this policy, by the United States, were of the gravest character. Within the first year of the war three loans which had been put upon the market were taken chiefly by the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. As the war grew to extensive proportions the banks, finding that they could not dispose of what they had of these loans, announced to the Government that they could take no more of them, and that it was a question of a few days' time which should break first, the banks or the Treasury. Soon afterward, and on the 31st of December, 1861, the banks universally stopped specie payments.

At this time Congress had failed to provide any system of effective taxation, and there was then a large force in the field which remained unpaid; and in this emergency, when the proceeds of the loans had been entirely exhausted, the Secretary of the Treasury, finding that the Treasury notes then in existence, and which had been made receivable only for Government dues, were being discredited, called upon Congress to make them compulsorily receivable as money, by those for whose benefit the war was waged. He stated, and Congress believed, that no other means existed for furnishing the requisite pecuniary resources.

The Constitution conferred upon Congress full power to adopt all "necessary and proper means" for conducting war, and inasmuch as the chief financial officer of the Government had stated to them that it was "indispensably necessary" to make those notes a legal tender, and as Congress, acting on this statement, had decided that it was necessary, the question of *fact* that it was so was found and decided by the only authority competent to make the decision. The Court, according to the uniform tenor of its rulings from the origin of the Government, was bound to accept this as final and conclusive if it was a recognized and effective means for accomplishing success in war, and was not a prohibited power. No one claims that it is prohibited. On the contrary, when the matter of prohibition was under review by the Convention which framed the Constitution, it was decided to prohibit only the States from making any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts.

It was undoubtedly competent for the framers of the Constitution to have extended the prohibition to Congress, and, according to all established rules of construction, the omission to do so, under such circumstances, is to be taken as indicating their view that great emergencies would make a resort to this power essential to the life of the Government. Such, indeed, was the precise character of the emergency in February, 1862, when Congress, in the absence of all other means, was compelled to require of citizens of the United States that they should not discredit its money—its sinews of war.

The power to prescribe what shall constitute a legal tender for debts has been exercised by the General Government from its very origin. The language of most of the acts may be gathered from the one passed in 1806, declaring that certain foreign coins at a certain rate shall be a "legal tender for the payment of all debts and demands."

The authority to pass these acts is not specifically granted, but is an incident to the express power to "coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coins," and that to regulate commerce, of which money is the medium. If the States could exercise this power at pleasure, and even with respect to coins, it might be productive of great inconvenience, if they should make different and contradictory regulations; and their control over the subject must therefore belong to that class of powers, like the insolvent laws, which remain partially inactive during the operation of complete Congressional regulations.

It was proper to fetter the States in this respect, because also they were not responsible for the exigencies in the conduct of war which might require a change in the medium.

War powerfully affects the relations between debtors and creditors by causing the expulsion and hoarding of the precious metals; and inasmuch as this incidental injury to debtors is the act of the Government, it is reasonable and just in such a dilemma that the Government should moderate this injury to the extent of its authority.

The duty of collecting debts through sheriffs and marshals comprehends an exercise of the public power which, at particular junctures, is not convenient or possible in the precious metals. Shay's rebellion was caused by an attempt to collect debts in gold and silver; and in the Anti-Rent Districts such numerous and serious collisions have taken place, resulting in the loss of life, that in some districts their forced collection had been suspended. Governments are obliged to consider the effect of war on this duty, and modify it according to exigencies. It has direct bearing on the issue of the conflict.

The creditor who supposes that in the midst of the turmoils and immense pecuniary changes of a great war he can hold the Government to the duty of enforcing his pound of flesh, must think that the employment of an army in meeting the enemy should be arrested in order that it may support the sheriffs in the vain attempt to collect his debt at such a time in gold and silver. The experience of modern nations shows that this is a misconception of his rights and duties, and that instead of his being supreme—for such he would be if he had this power—it is the Government which is supreme in war.

The Constitution itself contains evidence that in war powers which are unlawful in peace may be exercised for the common safety. *Habeas corpus* can be suspended only in case of danger. In war, troops may be quartered in private houses, but in peace they can not be "without the consent of the owner." Persons who in peace can not be held to answer for a capital or infamous crime without being prosecuted or indicted by a grand jury, may in cases arising in the land and naval forces during war be tried and punished without that formality. The laws of war supplant for the time being those of peace which are inconsistent with the general safety.

An impression prevails that we are going suddenly to specie payments, and that this decision of the Supreme Court has become immaterial; but it is dangerous to deprive ourselves of an essential means of warfare and defense on such delusive grounds. It will soon appear that the Legal Tender act can not safely be dispensed with. Its constitutionality is clear, and it should remain with Congress to decide when it shall be inoperative. The Court has overstepped the just line of its authority, and attempted to restrict Congress in this matter, when the framers of the Constitution decided to leave them free of such restriction.

NOTES.

Mr. Francis W. Goddard, son of the late Professor Goddard, of Brown University, in Rhode Island, has collected in two volumes, published by Rider, in Providence, the writings of his father, who was well known to all Rhode Islanders and to all Brown-bred boys of the last forty years, who will find in the work a great deal which is locally interesting and valuable. But the general reader will find in it one of the fullest statements of the arguments in the famous Dorr rebellion. The question raised by Thomas Wilson Dorr was a natural and very important one in our politics, and was settled happily without a great catastrophe, but not without the profoundest excitement. Mr. Dorr claimed that, as the sovereign power resided in the people, a majority of the adult white male citizens could at any time rightfully, and without authority of law, overthrow any existing government and establish any other. In this view he was supported by George Bancroft in Massachusetts, and by Mr. Cambreleng in New York; and he and his friends, in logical pursuance of this theory, attempted civil war in Rhode Island twenty-eight years ago. The attempt failed. Dorr was convicted of treason, imprisoned for a year, and then pardoned; and the Supreme Court decided that Congress must determine which of two organizations in a State claiming to be its lawful government should be recognized by the United States. In the debate which shook the State Professor Goddard bore a chief part, and the brief essays—clear, trenchant, eloquent—which he contributed to the daily papers, and which were of the greatest influence in moulding an intelligent public opinion, have been very wisely recovered and preserved in these volumes, and are a permanently interesting and valuable addition to our political literature.

The *Tribune*, in publishing the testimony in the gold case, said that the report was sent to it in ample time for publication in an earlier issue, but that it preferred to keep its pledges and withhold the news until authorized to use it. This was honorable and right. But the Washington authorities ought to have learned by this time that the temptation of breaking such pledges can not be resisted by every paper; and if it is desirable that news should not be published until Wednesday, it is simply absurd to give any paper the means of publishing it on Tuesday. Meanwhile, if we gentlemen of the press can not keep our word in so simple a matter as the publication of a report, ought we to be so very wroth that even General Butler gibes at "newspaper men?"

If there were any glamour still lingering about royalty in England the letters of the Prince of Wales in the Mordaunt cause would certainly help to scatter it. They are not letters that by any torturing of words can be called love-letters. They are merely the friendly, simple effusions of a very simple young man chiefly interested in shooting and theatres; and there is no reason why any man should not write such letters to his grandmother, or to any woman who is his friend, if they mutually take pleasure in them. As an honorable man the Prince certainly loses nothing by the publication of his letters. The pity is that a future king of England should not understand that he is part of a state pageant which forbids this kind of indulgence.

Will some Republican member of the New York Assembly explain his vote upon the bill making a clerkship to the Board of Police Justices, with a salary of $6000 a year? The Police Justices seldom meet as a board, and have hitherto hired a clerk for $250 a year. It is stated from Albany that the bill could not have passed but for the votes of twenty Republicans. They may have had good reasons. Will they please to mention them?

The horticultural school for women, of which we spoke some months since, has now been fairly established by Miss Marwedel upon the estate of Robert W. Pearsall, about thirty miles from the city, on the Long Island Railroad. Miss Marwedel is a lady of great intelligence and enthusiasm, a practical teacher who clearly comprehends her purpose. The horticultural manager is Mr. John Hoparst, a graduate of the school at Reutingen in Germany, which is entirely successful. The object of such a school is a practical knowledge of horticulture, including the management of the orchard and nursery; and the course of study includes Pomology, Botany, Geology, Agricultural Chemistry, Landscape Gardening, Book-keeping, and Drawing. The experiment will be tried under admirable auspices by Miss Marwedel, who has the best of references. And we observe that a school of the same kind is proposed near Boston.

English writers are very fond of laughing at the French dullness which can never call English names and titles correctly, and continually speaks of the "divine Williams" and "Sir Peel." Do those writers know that they make mistakes quite as unpardonable when they speak of America? Here is a respectable London periodical speaking of Walt Whitman's poem upon George Peabody, which, it says, is called "The Galaxy!" How that excellent London periodical would sniff if an American paper should speak of Mr. Swinburne's poem upon Italy called "the Fortnightly!" But *Fraser's Magazine*, in an article upon President Johnson's impeachment, speaks of "the most specific charge, that of the illegal appointment of Stanton to the Foreign Secretaryship." The "divine Williams's" Dogberry was never wiser than this; and the French "Sir Peel" was never so elaborately outdone. If the writer had only called the President Andrew Jackson, his knowledge of what he was writing about would not have been more evident, but the fun would have been more complete.

It was a most painful misprint in a Democratic paper that made a Democratic orator in the New York Legislature exclaim: "Them asses of the Democratic party are jealous of any infringement upon popular rights." It was probably meant to be "the masses;" but the reader buys his paper and takes his choice.

Signor Giuseppe Ronconi, the celebrated singer, has recently done a generous act, which merits as generous an acknowledgment. There is a most excellent charitable institution in the city called The Samaritan Home for the Aged, which receives and cares for helpless old men and women, and secures them a home for their few and forlorn years remaining. Moved by sympathy with this charity, Signor Ronconi gave a representation of the opera "Maria Di Rohan" at the theatre of the Union League Club, paying all the expenses, and giving the entire proceeds of the sale of tickets, amounting to $1620, to the treasurer of the Home. It is a noble act, which New York will not forget.

In a recent lecture upon the public men whom he has known, Governor Horatio Seymour said that the powers of Daniel Webster seemed to him those of a great author rather than statesman. It is curious that the historian Alison says the same thing of George Canning.

It is becoming a very general habit to speak of representatives in Congress distinctively as "Congressmen." But Congress constitutionally consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives; and a Senator as well as a Representative is therefore a Congressman, if so awkward a word must be used.

A correspondent who calls herself "Another of the Majority," writes to the *Tribune*: "I believe Pope was right when he wrote,

"'Woman is born to dignify retreat,
In shade to flourish, and unseen be great;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but God's applauses and her own.'"

What does this correspondent say to Mrs. Barbauld's exhortation to her own sex, which she must be supposed to have known quite as well as Pope knew it? She is speaking of flowers.

"Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

With Pope's and Mrs. Barbauld's seraglio view of women, suppose that this correspondent contrasts Wordsworth's:

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

This is a positive, not a negative, human being, whose sweetest empire is not to please, but to influence.

All Americans who have traveled in Egypt during the last few years will hear with very great regret that Charles Hale, the late Consul-General, has resigned. He was appointed by President Lincoln, and was one of the ablest officers in our diplomatic service. Of the highest character and ability, and, although a young man, of great experience in political life, and of the truest patriotism, Mr. Hale was a most satisfactory American representative; and we shall be surprised if his retirement does not lead to still higher public distinction.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 28.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill intended to enforce the Universal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the Finance Committee, made a long speech in explanation and support of the Funding bill.—In the House, a resolution was adopted declaring that such tariff for revenue upon foreign imports is required as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and will impose the least burden upon and best promote the industrial interests. Much amusement was caused by the general opposition by the Democrats to the proposition, it being known on the Republican side that the resolution was a part of the last national platform of that party. The debate of the session was on the Indian appropriations, and the recent Indian massacre by Colonel Baker's command.

March 1.—In the Senate, the day was occupied with further debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, a resolution was adopted censuring Mr. John T. Deweese, late Representative from North Carolina, for complicity in the sale of cadetships; and the Committee charged with investigating further cases were instructed to confine their inquiries to members of the present Congress, and to those holding executive or judicial offices under the Government. The majority and minority reports on the gold plot were received.

March 2.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to provide for the more thorough suppression of the slave trade on the western coast of Africa. The consideration of the Funding bill was resumed, but no action was taken.—In the House, a bill for a new bridge across the Niagara River at Buffalo, and making it a post road, and one to establish a Board of Port Wardens at New York, were passed. A resolution of inquiry regarding the loss of the *Oneida* was adopted.

March 3.—In the Senate, the day was again occupied with debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, the Tariff bill was taken up, and Mr. Brooks, of New York, made a long speech against it, and in favor of partial free trade, advocating particularly the removal of duties from coal, salt, iron, and other necessary articles. Mr. Butler then attempted to report the bill for the admission of Georgia, but yielded the floor for other business. A resolution was adopted, calling for inquiry into the facts of the massacre of the Piegan Indians by some of General Sheridan's command.

March 4.—In the Senate, the bill to repeal the Test Oath act of 1862 was favorably reported.—In the House, a bill was passed making Jersey City a port of entry. The joint resolution in reference to printing undelivered speeches in the *Congressional Globe* was referred to the Committee on Rules. The Georgia bill was taken up, and Mr. Butler made the opening speech. He was followed by Mr. Farnsworth; the latter, without concluding his argument, yielded the floor for the presentation of petitions.

March 5.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the debate on the Georgia bill was continued, without coming to a vote.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for March shows a decrease of $6,500,000 since the February statement. The coin in the Treasury is $102,000,000, and the currency $10,000,000.

The steamer *Golden City*, on the trip from San Francisco to Panama, went ashore at Point Lazaro, Lower California, and became a complete wreck. All the passengers were landed in safety, but suffered intensely from the heat and want of provisions. The steamer *Colorado*, from Panama, came near enough to be signaled, and took the passengers back to San Francisco. In order to board the *Colorado* they had to walk some distance along the barren coast, and several were lost in the sand and chaparral, and were left by the steamer. Liquor which floated ashore from the wreck caused drunkenness and disorder, and at last had to be destroyed for fear of bloodshed.

Havana dispatches announce the surrender of many insurgents to the authorities, and that General Jordan had resigned his command. Zamora, the assassin of Greenwald, has been executed for that crime.

President Grant has nominated James W. Mason, an intelligent and well-educated mulatto, as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Liberia.

Eleven ladies were recently drawn for jury duty for the March term of a court in Wyoming Territory.

A fire occurred on the 3d instant in Neponset, Mass., in an old wooden building, in the attic of which six women were burned to death. The building had been used as a drying-house for cotton, and the access to the garret was by means of a ladder.

Reports of fresh disturbances come from the Red River country. Reil, the insurgent leader, is said to have defeated two bodies of Government troops, and captured and sentenced to death their commander, Major Paulton.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Pope is said to be confident of the success of the proposition of infallibility. Every effort is used to secure the support of the American bishops for it. Count Napoleon Daru, the French Foreign Minister, in a note to a French bishop in Rome, declares that the French troops will be withdrawn from Rome in the event of a dogmatical definition of infallibility. Spain, Portugal, and Austria, it is said, have also intimated their opposition to it. The King of Bavaria approves the protest of Dr. Dollinger against the dogma, and urges the Doctor to persevere. The Sultan of Turkey has granted a large mosque to be used as a church by the Armenian priests excommunicated by the Pope.

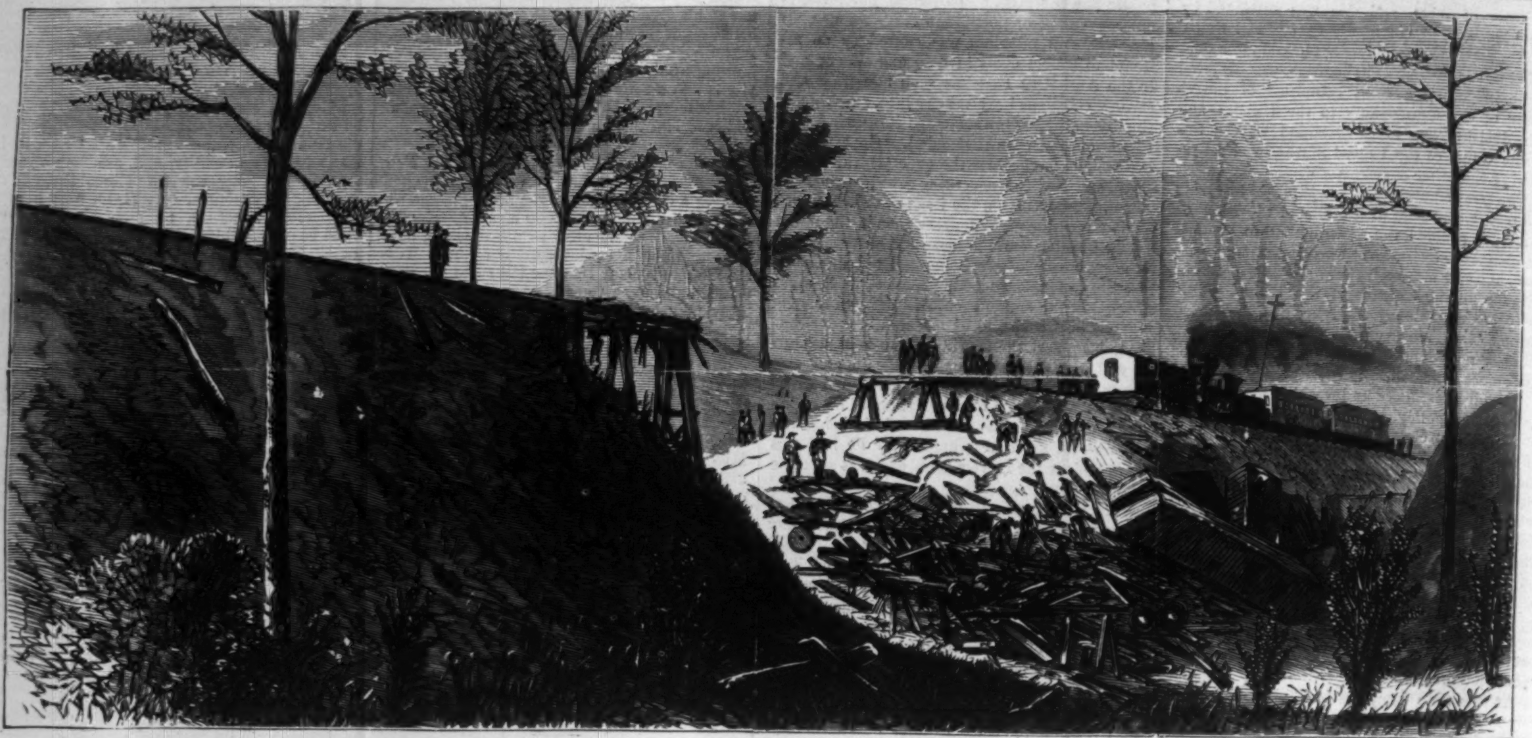
The remains of the late Anson Burlingame will be sent to this country by way of Berlin. The widow and sons of the deceased will for the present remain in St. Petersburg. The Emperor of Russia has sent a telegraphic communication to the Governments of the United States and China, expressing his sorrow for the affliction suffered by both nations in Mr. Burlingame's death. It is reported he will be succeeded by Mr. J. M'Leary Brown, the Secretary of the Embassy.

The submarine cable from Bombay to Aden has been successfully laid by the *Great Eastern*, and telegraphic communication between England and India is now complete.

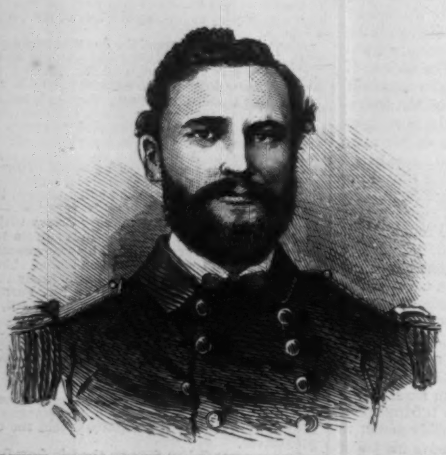
The British Postmaster-General explains that the delays complained of in the transmission of dispatches under the postal telegraphic system are due to the priority granted to members of the Stock Exchange.

The question of the abolition of the death penalty came up in the Prussian Chambers a few days ago. It was strenuously opposed by Count Von Bismarck, but the measure was adopted by a large majority.

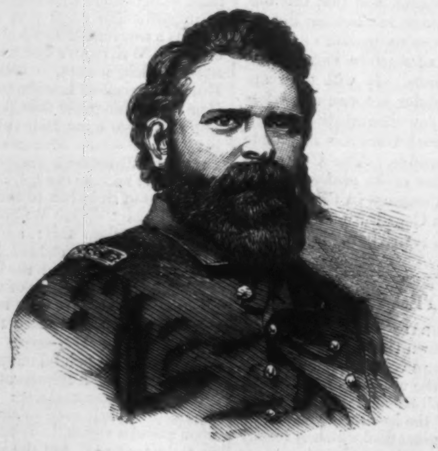
The Suez Canal question appears to have been solved by the London and Bombay steamer *Brazilian*, which has made the passage in entire safety, though heavily loaded.



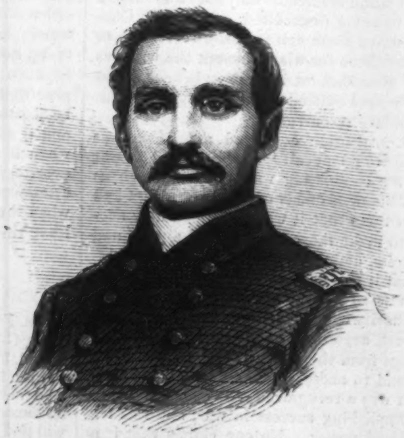
THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—From a Sketch by Mr. Montgomery Meigs.—[See Page 183.]



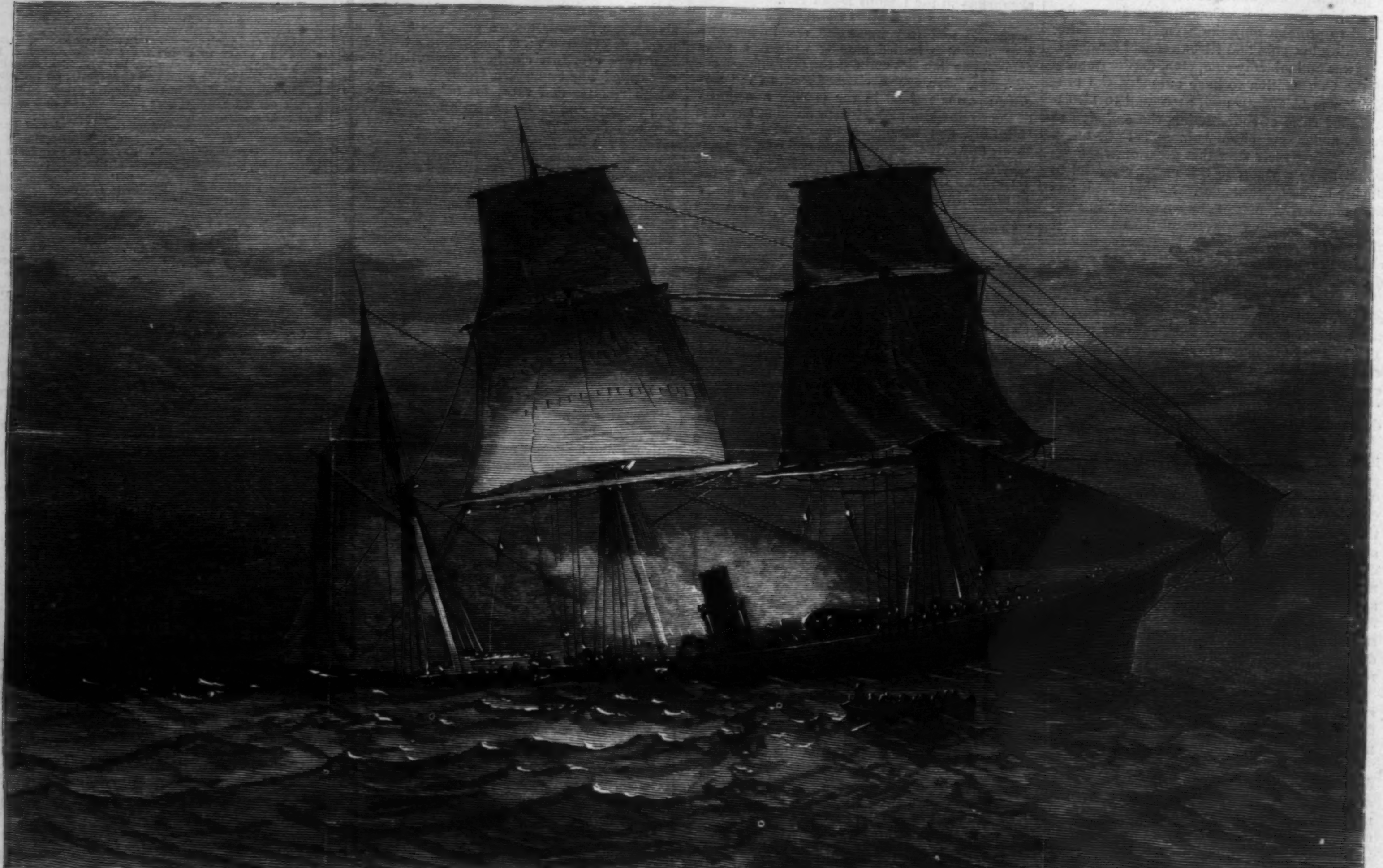
LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. L. STEWART.—[See Page 181.]



COMMANDER E. H. WILLIAMS.—[See Page 181.]



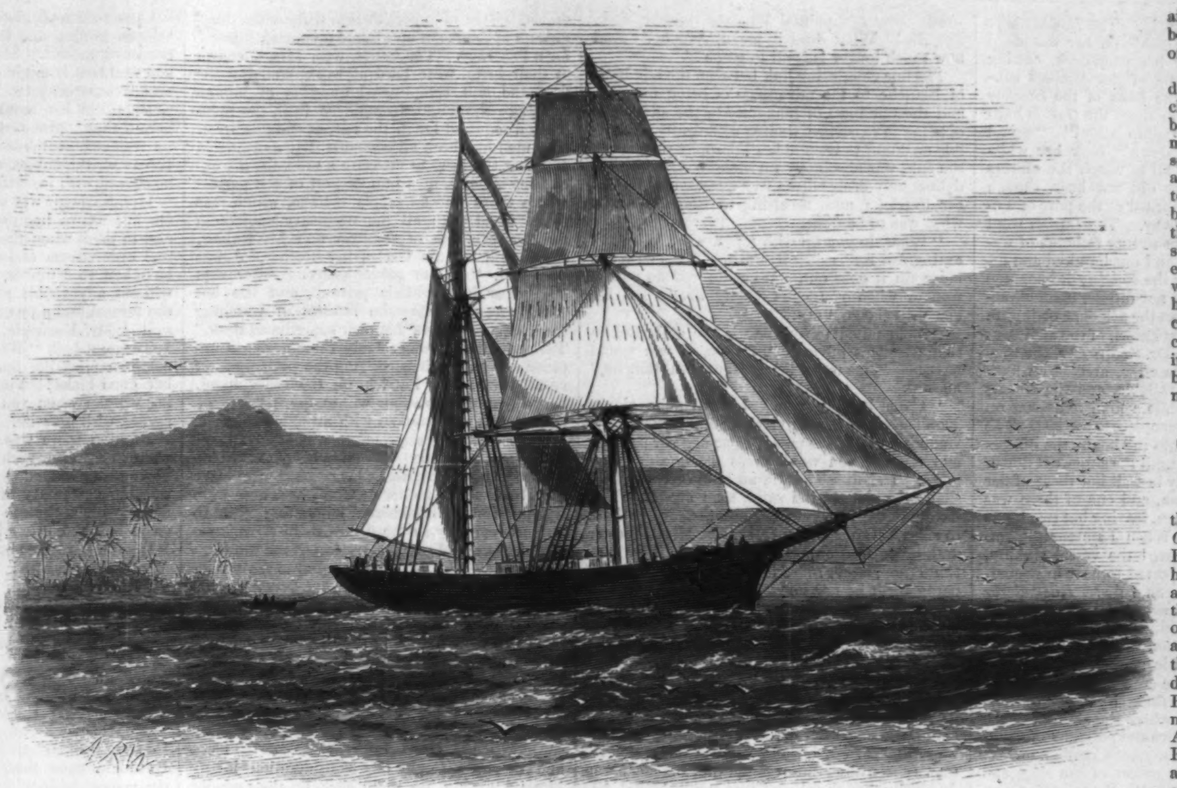
LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. W. MULDAUR.—[See Page 181.]



THE SINKING OF THE "ONEIDA" BY THE "BOMBAY."—[See Page 181.]

THE LOSS OF "THE MORNING STAR."

THE well-known Missionary brig, *The Morning Star*, which was built some years ago by ten-cent subscriptions, and of which we give a sketch on this page, was wrecked on Strong's Island on the 18th of last October. She left the harbor in the afternoon of that day, and early in the evening, which was cloudy and dark, the captain found the brig was rapidly drifting ashore with a strong current. The wind being light, and finding it impossible to keep off, the captain anchored; but about 10 o'clock a heavy squall struck the vessel, and drove her broadside on upon the rocks. About 11 o'clock the passengers were sent ashore in one of the boats, at great peril, and about half an hour afterward, the foremast having already been cut away to ease the ship, an enormous wave broke over her, making thorough wreck of every thing on deck and in the cabin — state-rooms, doors, and furniture being completely smashed by its force — and all the clothing, stores, etc., scattered and destroyed. At half past one the boats returned from the harbor, three miles distant. As every sea washed entirely over the vessel, nothing could be done further to save her or the effects. Captain TENGSTROM, who commanded *The Morning Star*, chartered a British trading brig to convey the passengers to Honolulu, where they recently arrived, after a tedious passage of seventy-seven days.

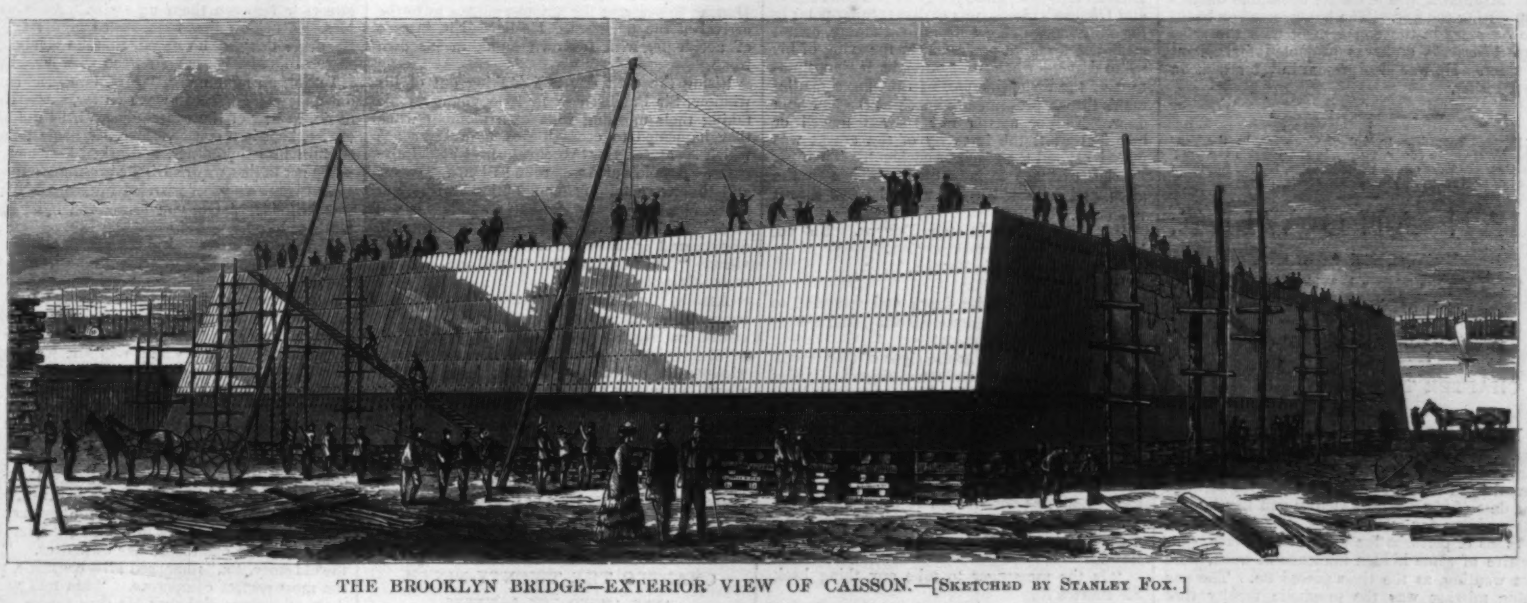


THE MISSIONARY SHIP "MORNING STAR."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

WE give on this page two views of the immense caisson, now in process of construction at the ship-yard of Messrs. WEBB & BELL, to be used for laying the foundation of the eastern tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is an immense wooden box, constructed of heavy timbers strongly bolted together, and when finished and sunk at the base of the tower will form a gigantic diving-bell, within which the work of excavation for a suitable foundation will be carried on. This caisson is 168 feet long and 102 feet wide on the outside, its total height being about 15 feet. The working space underneath is nine feet high, and communication with the upper world will be afforded by means of a supply-shaft. This immense structure, which is built in the most substantial manner, will weigh, when ready for launching, nearly 2500 tons. It will contain 105,000 cubic feet of timber, 85,000 pounds of bolts, and 30,000 pounds of flat bars. It will be ready for launching toward the end of March, when it will be towed into position at the upper slip of Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, and sunk. The work of excavation will at once commence, the caisson sinking as the work proceeds, until the whole mass has settled beneath the level of low tide, or until a solid foundation is reached. The lower cut on this page shows how the workmen will be accommodated. The water will be forced out of the chamber by means of pneumatic pressure through the air-shafts, the workmen and materials admitted through the supply-shaft, and the excavated earth and rocks will be removed through the water-shaft. The pressure of the air in the chamber will be about equal to that of two atmospheres.

When the required depth is reached, the chamber and shafts will be filled up with solid masonry; and upon this substantial bed of stone and wood, so firmly put together as to form one block, the foundations of the tower will rest. A strong coffer-dam, high enough to protect the workmen against the highest tides, will be constructed over the caisson, and within this inclosure the work of building will be commenced.

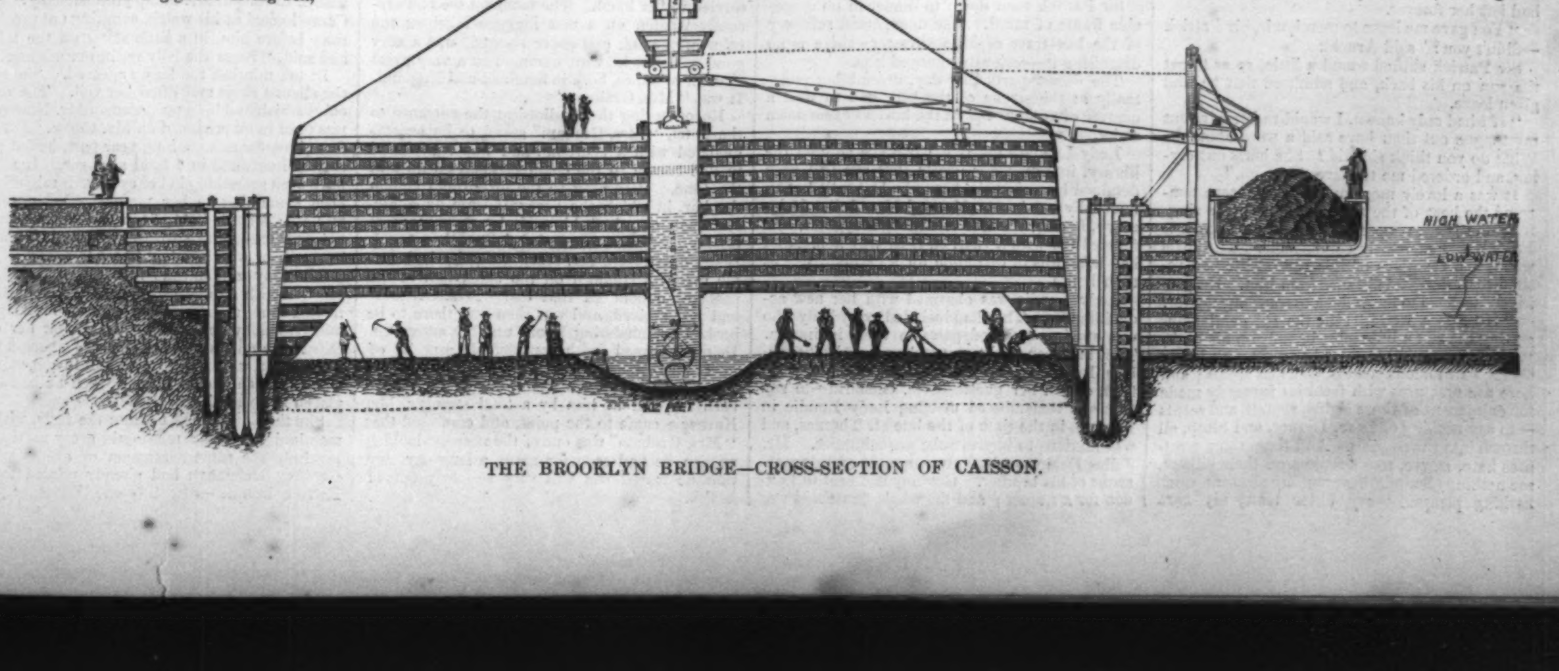


THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—EXTERIOR VIEW OF CAISSON.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE LOSS OF THE "ONEIDA."

ON the 23d of January the United States ship *Oneida*, Commander E. H. WILLIAMS, left Yokohama, homeward bound, after a cruise of about three years in the ports of China and Japan; and on the evening of the same day was run down by the *Bombay*, a British steamer commanded by Captain ARTHUR WELLESLEY EYRE, and sank in about ten minutes. Her crew numbered 176 officers and men, of whom 56 only survived the disaster. No official account of this sad calamity has yet reached the Navy Department at Washington; and that brought by the ship *Benefactress*, which arrived recently at San Francisco from Yokohama, is not regarded as wholly reliable. It is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that further intelligence may place the conduct of Captain EYRE in a less unfavorable light.

According to this account, the *Oneida* left Yokohama with her guns loaded for a salute, which was not fired. On passing out of the harbor her fires were banked, steam blown off, and she proceeded under sail. About seven o'clock in the evening, while the officers were at dinner, the look-out shouted, "Steamer lights ahead!" and the order was given to port helm. Every thing seemed quiet on board the other steamer, the *Bombay*, which leads to the belief that she had not observed the *Oneida*, although her



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—CROSS-SECTION OF CAISSON.

lights were burning brightly. The *Bombay* kept right on, striking the *Oneida* on her starboard quarter, carrying away her poop-deck, cutting off her whole stern, one of her timbers running entirely through the bows of the *Bombay* at the water-line. Three times the *Oneida* hailed the *Bombay* with "Ship ahoy!" "Stand by!" "You've cut us down!" blew her whistle, and fired her guns, all of which the officers of the *Bombay* say they did not hear, though the guns were distinctly heard at the port of Yokohama, twenty miles away. The *Oneida* went down stern first, in about twenty fathoms of water, with twenty officers and one hundred and fifty men. The captain of the *Bombay* did not stop to rescue those on board, nor did he, upon his arrival at Yokohama, report the accident or inform the authorities. The first known of the affair was the next morning, when Dr. Stoddart, the Surgeon, with fifteen of the crew, arrived on foot. But two cutters were available, and the officers refused to take them while a man remained on board. Discipline was complete to the last. The sick were all being put into the boats, the officers remaining at their posts until the ship went down.

The *Oneida* had lately lost all but three of her small boats in a typhoon, and one of these was cut in two by the collision, leaving but two boats to save 176 persons. When Lieutenant-Commander Muldaur reported the vessel sinking, Captain Williams is reported to have answered, "I know it; but what can I do? *I asked for more boats, and they were not allowed me.*" Thus, through the culpable negligence of some one, on whom official investigation will fix the responsibility, and the inexplicable conduct of the officers of the *Bombay*, the brave crew and their faithful officers went down with their ship.

On the same page on which the sinking of the *Oneida* is depicted we give the portraits of Commander Williams, Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Stewart, Executive officer of the ship, and Lieutenant-Commander A. W. Muldaur. Commander Williams acquired a high reputation during the war of the rebellion. He served in several actions, and was taken prisoner in the naval attack upon Fort Sumter, and remained in captivity for several months. He was detailed by Admiral Dahlgren to take a principal part in the ceremonies at Sumter, after its surrender in April, 1865. Lieutenant-Commanders Stewart and Muldaur also achieved honorable distinction during the war. The latter served on board the *Sassacus* in the engagement with the rebel ram *Albemarle*, and was promoted for gallant conduct. He was also present in the attack on Fort Fisher.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

STIFLED.

It is the nature of Truth to struggle to the light. In more than one direction, the truth strove to pierce the overlying darkness, and to reveal itself to view, during the interval between the date of Sir Patrick's victory and the date of the wedding-day.

Signs of perturbation under the surface, suggestive of some hidden influence at work, were not wanting, as the time passed on. The one thing missing was the prophetic faculty that could read those signs aright at Windygates House.

On the very day when Sir Patrick's dextrous treatment of his sister-in-law had smoothed the way to the hastening of the marriage, an obstacle was raised to the new arrangement by no less a person than Blanche herself. She had sufficiently recovered, toward noon, to be able to receive Arnold in her own little sitting-room. It proved to be a very brief interview. A quarter of an hour later, Arnold appeared before Sir Patrick—while the old gentleman was sunning himself in the garden—with a face of blank despair. Blanche had indignantly declined even to think of such a thing as her marriage, at a time when she was heart-broken by the discovery that Anne had left her forever.

"You gave me leave to mention it, Sir Patrick—didn't you?" said Arnold.

Sir Patrick shifted round a little, so as to get the sun on his back, and admitted that he had given leave.

"If I had only known, I would rather have cut my tongue out than have said a word about it. What do you think she did? She burst out crying, and ordered me to leave the room."

It was a lovely morning—a cool breeze tempered the heat of the sun; the birds were singing; the garden wore its brightest look. Sir Patrick was supremely comfortable. The little wearisome vexations of this mortal life had retired to a respectful distance from him. He positively declined to invite them to come any nearer.

"Here is a world," said the old gentleman, getting the sun a little more broadly on his back, "which a merciful Creator has filled with lovely sights, harmonious sounds, delicious scents; and here are creatures with faculties expressly made for enjoyment of those sights, sounds, and scents—to say nothing of Love, Dinner, and Sleep, all thrown into the bargain. And these same creatures hate, starve, toss sleepless on their pillows, see nothing pleasant, hear nothing pleasant, smell nothing pleasant—cry bitter tears, say hard words, contract painful illnesses; wither, sink, age, die! What does it mean, Arnold? And how much longer is it all to go on?"

The fine connecting link between the blindness of Blanche to the advantage of being married, and the blindness of humanity to the advantage of being in existence, though sufficiently perceptible no doubt to venerable Philosophy ripening in the sun, was absolutely invisible to Arnold. He deliberately dropped the vast question opened by Sir Patrick; and, reverting to Blanche, asked what was to be done.

"What do you do with a fire, when you can't extinguish it?" said Sir Patrick. "You let it blaze till it goes out. What do you do with a woman when you can't pacify her? Let *her* blaze till she goes out."

Arnold failed to see the wisdom embodied in that excellent advice. "I thought you would have helped me to put things right with Blanche," he said.

"I *am* helping you. Let Blanche alone. Don't speak of the marriage again, the next time you see her. If she mentions it, beg her pardon, and tell her you won't press the question any more. I shall see her, in an hour or two, and I shall take exactly the same tone myself. You have put the idea into her mind—leave it there to ripen. Give her distress about Miss Silvester nothing to feed on. Don't stimulate it by contradiction; don't rouse it to defend itself by disparagement of her lost friend. Leave Time to edge her gently nearer and nearer to the husband who is waiting for her—and take my word for it, Time will have her ready when the settlements are ready."

Toward the luncheon hour Sir Patrick saw Blanche, and put in practice the principle which he had laid down. She was perfectly tranquil before her uncle left her. A little later, Arnold was forgiven. A little later still, the old gentleman's sharp observation noted that his niece was unusually thoughtful, and that she looked at Arnold, from time to time, with an interest of a new kind—an interest which shyly hid itself from Arnold's view. Sir Patrick went up to dress for dinner, with a comfortable inner conviction that the difficulties which had beset him were settled at last. Sir Patrick had never been more mistaken in his life.

The business of the toilet was far advanced. Duncan had just placed the glass in a good light; and Duncan's master was at that turning-point in his daily life which consisted in attaining, or not attaining, absolute perfection in the tying of his white cravat—when some outer barbarian, ignorant of the first principles of dressing a gentleman's throat, presumed to knock at the bedroom door. Neither master nor servant moved or breathed until the integrity of the cravat was placed beyond the reach of accident. Then Sir Patrick cast the look of final criticism in the glass, and breathed again when he saw that it was done.

"A little labored in style, Duncan. But not bad, considering the interruption?"

"By no means, Sir Patrick."

"See who it is."

Duncan went to the door; and returned, to his master, with an excuse for the interruption, in the shape of a telegram!

Sir Patrick started at the sight of that unwelcome message, with unaffected disgust. "Sign the receipt, Duncan," he said—and opened the envelope. Yes! Exactly as he had anticipated! News of Miss Silvester, on the very day when he had decided to abandon all further attempt at discovering her. The telegram ran thus:

"Message received from Falkirk, this morning. Lady, as described, left the train at Falkirk, last night. Went on, by the first train this morning, to Glasgow. Wait further instructions."

"Is the messenger to take any thing back, Sir Patrick?"

"No. I must consider what I am to do. If I find it necessary, I will send to the station. Here is news of Miss Silvester, Duncan," continued Sir Patrick, when the messenger had gone. "She has been traced to Glasgow."

"Glasgow is a large place, Sir Patrick."

"Yes. Even if they have telegraphed on, and had her watched (which doesn't appear) she may escape us again at Glasgow. I am the last man in the world, I hope, to shrink from accepting my fair share of any responsibility. But I own I would have given something to have kept this telegram out of the house. It raises the most awkward question I have had to decide on for many a long day past. Help me on with my coat. I must think of it! I must think of it!"

Sir Patrick went down to dinner in no agreeable frame of mind. The unexpected recovery of the lost trace of Miss Silvester—there is no disguising it—seriously annoyed him.

The dinner-party that day, assembling punctually at the stroke of the bell, had to wait a quarter of an hour before the hostess came down stairs.

Lady Lundie's apology, when she entered the library, informed her guests that she had been detained by some neighbors who had called at an unusually late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Delamayn, finding themselves near Windygates, had favored her with a visit, on their way home, and had left cards of invitation for a garden-party at their house.

Lady Lundie was charmed with her new acquaintances. They had included every body who was staying at Windygates in their invitation. They had been as pleasant and easy as old friends. Mrs. Delamayn had brought the kindest message from one of her guests—Mrs. Glenarm—to say that she remembered meeting Lady Lundie in London, in the time of the late Sir Thomas, and was anxious to improve the acquaintance. Mr. Julius Delamayn had given a most amusing account of his brother. Geoffrey had sent to London for a trainer; and the whole household was on the tip-toe of expectation to witness the magnificent spectacle of an athlete preparing himself for a foot-race. The ladies, with Mrs. Glenarm at their head, were hard at work, studying the profound and complicated question of human running—the muscles employed in it, the preparation required for it, the heroes eminent in it. The men had been all occupied that morning in assisting Geoffrey to measure a mile, for his exercising-ground, in a remote part of the park—where there was an empty cottage, which was to be fitted with all the necessary appliances for the reception of Geoffrey and his trainer. "You will see the last of my brother," Julius had said, "at the garden-party. After that he retires into athletic privacy, and has but one interest in life—the interest of watching the disappearance of his own superfluous flesh." Throughout the dinner Lady Lundie was in oppressively good spirits, singing the praises of her new friends. Sir Patrick, on the other hand, had never been so silent within the memory of mortal man. He talked with an effort; and he listened with a greater effort still. To answer or not to answer the telegram in his pocket? To persist or not to persist in his resolution to leave Miss Silvester to go her own way? Those were the questions which insisted on coming round to him as regularly as the dishes themselves came round in the orderly progression of the dinner.

Blanche—who had not felt equal to taking her place at the table—appeared in the drawing-room afterward.

Sir Patrick came in to tea, with the gentlemen, still uncertain as to the right course to take in the matter of the telegram. One look at Blanche's sad face and Blanche's altered manner decided him. What would be the result if he roused new hopes by resuming the effort to trace Miss Silvester, and if he lost the trace a second time? He had only to look at his niece and to see. Could any consideration justify him in turning her mind back on the memory of the friend who had left her at the moment when it was just beginning to look forward for relief to the prospect of her marriage? Nothing could justify him; and nothing should induce him to do it.

Reasoning—soundly enough, from his own point of view—on that basis, Sir Patrick determined on sending no further instructions to his friend at Edinburgh. That night he warned Duncan to preserve the strictest silence as to the arrival of the telegram. He burned it, in case of accidents, with his own hand, in his own room.

Rising the next day and looking out of his window, Sir Patrick saw the two young people taking their morning walk at a moment when they happened to cross the open grassy space which separated the two shrubberies at Windygates. Arnold's arm was round Blanche's waist, and they were talking confidentially with their heads close together. "She is coming round already!" thought the old gentleman, as the two disappeared again in the second shrubbery from view. "Thank Heaven things are running smoothly at last!"

Among the ornaments of Sir Patrick's bedroom there was a view (taken from above) of one of the Highland waterfalls. If he had looked at the picture, when he turned away from his window, he might have remarked that a river which is running with its utmost smoothness at one moment, may be a river which plunges into its most violent agitation at another; and he might have remembered, with certain misgivings, that the progress of a stream of water has been long since likened, with the universal consent of humanity, to the progress of the stream of life.

FIFTH SCENE. GLASGOW.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

ANNE AMONG THE LAWYERS.

On the day when Sir Patrick received the second of the two telegrams sent to him from Edinburgh, four respectable inhabitants of the City of Glasgow were startled by the appearance of an object of interest on the monotonous horizon of their daily lives.

The persons receiving this wholesome shock were—Mr. and Mrs. Karnegie of the Sheep's Head Hotel; and Mr. Camp, and Mr. Crum, attached as "Writers" to the honorable profession of the Law.

It was still early in the day when a lady arrived, in a cab from the railway, at the Sheep's Head Hotel. Her luggage consisted of a black box, and of a well-worn leather bag which she carried in her hand. The name on the box (recently written on a new luggage label, as the color of the ink and paper showed) was a very good name in its way, common to a very great number of ladies, both in Scotland and England. It was "Mrs. Graham."

Encountering the landlord at the entrance to the hotel, "Mrs. Graham" asked to be accommodated with a bedroom, and was transferred in due course to the chamber-maid on duty at the time. Returning to the little room behind the bar, in which the accounts were kept, Mr. Karnegie surprised his wife by moving more briskly, and looking much brighter than usual. Being questioned, Mr. Karnegie (who had cast the eye of a landlord on the black box in the passage) announced that one "Mrs. Graham" had just arrived, and was then and there to be booked as inhabiting Room number seventeen. Being informed (with considerable asperity of tone and manner) that this answer failed to account for the interest which appeared to have been inspired in him by a total stranger, Mr. Karnegie came to the point, and confessed that "Mrs. Graham" was one of the sweetest-looking women he had seen for many a long day, and that he feared she was very seriously out of health.

Upon that reply the eyes of Mrs. Karnegie developed in size, and the color of Mrs. Karnegie deepened in tint. She got up from her chair, and said that it might be just as well if she personally superintended the installation of "Mrs. Graham" in her room, and personally satisfied herself that "Mrs. Graham" was a fit inmate to be received at the Sheep's Head Hotel. Mr. Karnegie, thereupon, did what he always did—he agreed with his wife.

Mrs. Karnegie was absent for some little time. On her return her eyes had a certain tigerish cast in them when they rested on Mr. Karnegie. She ordered tea and some light refreshment to be taken to Number Seventeen. This done—without any visible provocation to account for the remark—she turned upon her husband, and said, "Mr. Karnegie, you are a fool." Mr. Karnegie asked, "Why, my dear?" Mrs. Karnegie snapped her fingers, and said, "*That* for her good looks! You don't know a good-looking woman when you see her." Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

Nothing more was said until the waiter appeared at the bar with his tray. Mrs. Karnegie, having first waived the tray off, without instituting her customary investigation, sat down suddenly with a thump, and said to her husband (who had not uttered a word in the interval), "Don't talk to Me about her being out of health! *That* for her health! It's trouble on her mind."

Mr. Karnegie said, "Is it now?" Mrs. Karnegie replied, "When I have said, It is, I consider myself insulted if another person says, Is it?" Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

There was another interval. Mrs. Karnegie added up a bill, with a face of disgust. Mr. Karnegie looked at her with a face of wonder. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly asked him, why he wasted his looks on *her*, when he would have "Mrs. Graham" to look at before long. Mr. Karnegie, upon that, attempted to compromise the matter, by looking, in the interim, at his own boots. Mrs. Karnegie wished to know whether, after twenty years of married life, she was considered to be not worth answering by her own husband. Treated with bare civility (she expected no more), she might have gone on to explain that "Mrs. Graham" was going out. She might also have been prevailed on to mention that "Mrs. Graham" had asked her a very remarkable question of a business nature, at the interview between them up stairs. As it was, Mrs. Karnegie's lips were sealed, and let Mr. Karnegie deny, if he dared, that he richly deserved it. Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

In half an hour more, "Mrs. Graham" came down stairs; and a cab was sent for. Mr. Karnegie, in fear of the consequences if he did otherwise, kept in a corner. Mrs. Karnegie followed him into the corner, and asked him how he dared act in that way? Did he presume to think, after twenty years of married life, that his wife was jealous? "Go, you brute, and hand Mrs. Graham into the cab!"

Mr. Karnegie obeyed. He asked, at the cab window, to what part of Glasgow he should tell the driver to go. The reply informed him that the driver was to take "Mrs. Graham" to the office of Mr. Camp, the lawyer. Assuming "Mrs. Graham" to be a stranger in Glasgow, and remembering that Mr. Camp was Mr. Karnegie's lawyer, the inference appeared to be, that "Mrs. Graham's" remarkable question, addressed to the landlady, had related to legal business, and to the discovery of a trust-worthy person capable of transacting it for her.

Returning to the bar, Mr. Karnegie found his eldest daughter in charge of the books, the bills, and the waiters. Mrs. Karnegie had retired to her own room, justly indignant with her husband for his infamous conduct in handing "Mrs. Graham" into the cab before her own eyes. "It's the old story, Pa," remarked Miss Karnegie, with the most perfect composure. "Ma told you to do it, of course; and then Ma says you've insulted her before all the servants. I wonder how you bear it?" Mr. Karnegie looked at his boots, and answered, "I wonder, too, my dear." Miss Karnegie said, "You're not going to Ma, are you?" Mr. Karnegie looked up from his boots, and answered, "I must, my dear."

Mr. Camp sat in his private room, absorbed over his papers. Multitudinous as those documents were, they appeared to be not sufficiently numerous to satisfy Mr. Camp. He rang his bell, and ordered more.

The clerk appearing with a new pile of papers, appeared also with a message. A lady, recommended by Mrs. Karnegie, of the Sheep's Head, wished to consult Mr. Camp professionally. Mr. Camp looked at his watch, counting out precious time before him, in a little stand on the table, and said, "Show the lady in, in ten minutes."

In ten minutes the lady appeared. She took the client's chair and lifted her veil. The same effect which had been produced on Mr. Karnegie, was once more produced on Mr. Camp. For the first time, for many a long year past, he felt personally interested in a total stranger. It might have been something in her eyes, or it might have been something in her manner. Whatever it was, it took softly hold of him, and made him, to his own exceeding surprise, unmistakably anxious to hear what she had to say!

The lady announced—in a low sweet voice, touched with a quiet sadness—that her business related to a question of marriage (as marriage is understood by Scottish law), and that her own peace of mind, and the happiness of a person very dear to her, were concerned alike in the opinion which Mr. Camp might give when he had been placed in possession of the facts.

She then proceeded to state the facts, without mentioning names: relating in every particular, precisely the same succession of events which Geoffrey Delamayn had already related to Sir Patrick Lundie—with this one difference, that she acknowledged herself to be the woman who was personally concerned in knowing whether, by Scottish law, she was now held to be a married woman or not.

Mr. Camp's opinion given upon this, after certain questions had been asked and answered, differed from Sir Patrick's opinion, as given at Windygates. He too quoted the language used by the eminent judge—Lord Deas—but he drew an inference of his own from it. "In Scotland, consent makes marriage," he said; "and consent may be proved by inference. I see a plain inference of matrimonial consent in the circumstances which you have related to me; and I say you are a married woman."

The effect produced on the lady, when sentence was pronounced on her in those terms, was so distressing that Mr. Camp sent a message up stairs to his wife; and Mrs. Camp appeared in her husband's private room, in business hours, for the first time in her life. When Mrs. Camp's services had in some degree restored the lady to herself, Mr. Camp followed with a word of professional comfort. He, like Sir Patrick, acknowledged the scandalous divergence of opinions produced by the confusion and uncertainty of the marriage-law of Scotland. He, like Sir Patrick, declared it to be quite possible that another lawyer might arrive at another conclusion. "Go," he said, giving her his card, with a line of writing on it, "to my colleague, Mr. Crum; and say I sent you."

The lady gratefully thanked Mr. Camp and his wife, and went next to the office of Mr. Crum.

Mr. Crum was the older lawyer of the two, and the harder lawyer of the two; but he, too, felt the influence which the charm that there was in this woman exercised, more or less, over every man who came in contact with her. He listened with a patience which was rare with him; he put his questions with a gentleness which was rarer still; and when *he* was in possession of the circumstances—behold, *his* opinion flatly contradicted the opinion of Mr. Camp!

"No marriage, ma'am," he said, positively. "Evidence in favor of perhaps establishing a marriage, if you propose to claim the man. But that, as I understand it, is exactly what you don't wish to do."

The relief to the lady, on hearing this, almost overpowered her. For some minutes she was unable to speak. Mr. Crum did, what he had never done yet in all his experience as a lawyer. He patted a client on the shoulder; and, more extraordinary still, he gave a client permission to waste his time. "Wait, and compose yourself," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of humanity. The lady composed herself. "I must ask you some questions, ma'am," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of the land. The lady bowed, and waited for him to begin.

"I know, thus far, that you decline to claim the gentleman," said Mr. Crum. "I want to know now, whether the gentleman is likely to claim *you*."

The answer to this was given in the most positive terms. The gentleman was not even aware of the position in which he stood. And, more yet, he was engaged to be married to the dearest friend whom the lady had in the world.

Mr. Crum opened his eyes—considered—and put another question as delicately as he could.

"Would it be painful to you to tell me how the gentleman came to occupy the awkward position in which he stands now?"

The lady acknowledged that it would be indescribably painful to her to answer that question.

Mr. Crum offered a suggestion under the form of an inquiry.

"Would it be painful to you to reveal the circumstances—in the interests of the gentleman's future prospects—to some discreet person (a legal person would be best) who is not, what I am, a stranger to you both?"

The lady declared herself willing to make any sacrifice, on those conditions—no matter how painful it might be—for her friend's sake.

Mr. Crum considered a little longer, and then delivered his word of advice.

"At the present stage of the affair," he said, "I need only tell you what is the first step that you ought to take under the circumstances. Inform the gentleman at once—either by word of mouth or by writing—of the position in which he stands; and authorize him to place the case in the hands of a person known to you both, who is competent to decide on what you are to do next. Do I understand that you know of such a person so qualified?"

The lady answered that she knew of such a person.

Mr. Crum asked if a day had been fixed for the gentleman's marriage.

The lady answered that she had made this inquiry herself on the last occasion when she had seen the gentleman's betrothed wife. The marriage was to take place, on a day to be hereafter chosen, at the end of the autumn.

"That," said Mr. Crum, "is a fortunate circumstance. You have time before you. Time is, here, of very great importance. Be careful not to waste it."

The lady said she would return to her hotel and write by that night's post, to warn the gentleman of the position in which he stood, and to authorize him to refer the matter to a competent and trust-worthy friend known to them both.

On rising to leave the room she was seized with giddiness, and with some sudden pang of pain, which turned her deadly pale and forced her to drop back into her chair. Mr. Crum had no wife; but he possessed a housekeeper—and he offered to send for her. The lady made a sign in the negative. She drank a little water, and conquered the pain. "I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said. "It's nothing—I am better now." Mr. Crum gave her his arm, and put her into the cab. She looked so pale and faint that he proposed sending his housekeeper with her. No: it was only five minutes' drive to the hotel. The lady thanked him—and went her way back by herself.

"The letter!" she said, when she was alone. "If I can only live long enough to write the letter!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ANNE IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

Mrs. Karnegie was a woman of feeble intelligence and violent temper; prompt to take offense, and not, for the most part, easy to appease. But Mrs. Karnegie being—as we all are in our various degrees—a compound of many opposite qualities, possessed a character with more than one side to it, and had her human merits as well as her human faults. Seeds of sound good feeling were scattered away in the remoter corners of her nature, and only waited for the fertilizing occasion that was to help them to spring up. The occasion exerted that benign influence when the cab brought Mr. Crum's client back to the hotel. The face of the weary, heart-sick woman, as she slowly crossed the hall, roused all that was heartiest and best in Mrs. Karnegie's nature, and said to her, as if in words, "Jealous of this broken creature? Oh, wife and mother, is there no appeal to your common womanhood *here?*"

"I am afraid you have overtired yourself, ma'am. Let me send you something up stairs?"

"Send me pen, ink, and paper," was the answer. "I must write a letter. I must do it at once."

It was useless to remonstrate with her. She was ready to accept any thing proposed, provided the writing materials were supplied first. Mrs. Karnegie sent them up, and then compounded a certain mixture of eggs and hot wine, for which The Sheep's Head was famous, with her own hands. In five minutes or so it was ready—and Miss Karnegie was dispatched by her mother (who had other business on hand at the time) to take it up stairs.

After the lapse of a few moments a cry of alarm was heard from the upper landing. Mrs. Karnegie recognized her daughter's voice, and hastened to the bedroom floor.

"Oh, mamma! Look at her! look at her!"

The letter was on the table with the first lines written. The woman was on the sofa with her handkerchief twisted between her set teeth, and her tortured face terrible to look at. Mrs. Karnegie raised her a little, examined her closely—then suddenly changed color, and sent her daughter out of the room with directions to dispatch a messenger instantly for medical help.

Left alone with the sufferer, Mrs. Karnegie carried her to her bed. As she was laid down her left hand fell helpless over the side of the bed. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly checked the word of sympathy as it rose to her lips—suddenly lifted the hand, and looked, with a momentary sternness of scrutiny, at the third finger. There was a ring on it. Mrs. Karnegie's face softened on the instant: the word of pity that had been suspended the moment before passed her lips freely now. "Poor soul!" said the respectable landlady, taking appearances for granted. "Where's your husband, dear? Try and tell me."

The doctor made his appearance, and went up to the patient.

Time passed, and Mr. Karnegie and his daughter, carrying on the business of the hotel, received a message from up stairs which was ominous of something out of the common. The message gave the name and address of an experienced nurse—with the doctor's compliments, and would Mr. Karnegie have the kindness to send for her immediately.

The nurse was found and sent up stairs.

Time went on, and the business of the hotel went on, and it was getting to be late in the evening, when Mrs. Karnegie appeared at last in the parlor behind the bar. The landlady's face was grave; the landlady's manner was subdued. "Very, very ill," was the only reply she made to her daughter's inquiries. When she and her husband were together, a little later, she told the news from up stairs in greater detail. "A child born dead," said Mrs. Karnegie, in gentler tones than were customary with her. "And the mother dying, poor thing, so far as *I* can see."

A little later the doctor came down. Dead? No.—Likely to live? Impossible to say. The doctor returned twice in the course of the night. Both times he had but one answer. "Wait till to-morrow."

The next day came. She rallied a little. Toward the afternoon she began to speak. She expressed no surprise at seeing strangers by her bedside: her mind wandered. She passed again into insensibility. Then back to delirium once more. The doctor said, "This may last for weeks. Or it may end suddenly in death. It's time you did something toward finding her friends."

(Her friends! She had left the one friend she had forever!)

Mr. Camp was summoned to give his advice. The first thing he asked for was the unfinished letter.

It was blotted, it was illegible in more places than one. With pains and care they made out the address at the beginning, and here and there some fragments of the lines that followed. It began: "Dear Mr. Brinkworth." Then the writing got, little by little, worse and worse. To the eyes of the strangers who looked at it, it ran thus: "I should ill requite * * * Blanche's interests * * * For God's sake! * * * don't think of *me* * * *" There was a little more, but not so much as one word, in those last lines, was legible.

The names mentioned in the letter were reported by the doctor and the nurse to be also the names on her lips, when she spoke in her wanderings. "Mr. Brinkworth," and "Blanche"—her mind ran incessantly on those two persons. The one intelligible thing that she mentioned in connection with them was the letter. She was perpetually trying, trying, trying to take that unfinished letter to the post; and she could never get there. Sometimes the post was across the sea. Sometimes it was at the top of an inaccessible mountain. Sometimes it was built in by prodigious walls all round it. Sometimes a man stopped her cruelly at the moment when she was close at the post, and forced her back thousands of miles away from it. She once or twice mentioned this visionary man by his name. They made it out to be "Geoffrey."

Finding no clew to her identity either in the letter that she had tried to write or in the wild words that escaped her from time to time, it was decided to search her luggage, and to look at the clothes which she had worn when she arrived at the hotel.

Her black box sufficiently proclaimed itself as recently purchased. On opening it the address of a Glasgow trunk-maker was discovered inside. The linen was also new, and unmarked. The receipted shop-bill was found with it. The tradesmen, sent for in each case, and questioned, referred to their books. It was proved that the box and the linen had both been purchased on the day when she appeared at the hotel.

Her black bag was opened next. A sum of between eighty and ninety pounds in Bank of England notes; a few simple articles belonging to the toilet; materials for needle-work; and a photographic portrait of a young lady, inscribed, "To Anne, from Blanche," were found in the bag—but no letters, and nothing whatever that could afford the slightest clew by which the owner could be traced. The pocket in her dress was searched next. It contained a purse, an empty card-case, and a new handkerchief unmarked.

Mr. Camp shook his head.

"A woman's luggage without any letters in it," he said, "suggests to my mind a woman who has a motive of her own for keeping her movements a secret. I suspect she has destroyed her letters, and emptied her card-case, with that view." Mrs. Karnegie's report, after examining the linen which the so-called "Mrs. Graham" had worn when she arrived at the inn, proved the soundness of the lawyer's opinion. In every case the marks had been cut out. Mrs. Karnegie began to doubt whether the ring which she had seen on the third finger of the lady's left hand had been placed there with the sanction of the law.

There was but one chance left of discovering—or rather of attempting to discover—her friends. Mr. Camp drew out an advertisement to be inserted in the Glasgow newspapers. If those newspapers happened to be seen by any member of her family, she would, in all probability, be claimed. In the contrary event there would be nothing for it but to wait for her recovery or her death—with the money belonging to her sealed up, and deposited in the landlord's strong-box.

The advertisement appeared. They waited for three days afterward, and nothing came of it. No change of importance occurred, during the same period, in the condition of the suffering woman. Mr. Camp looked in, toward evening, and said, "We have done our best. There is no help for it but to wait."

Far away in Perthshire that third evening was marked as a joyful occasion at Windygates House. Blanche had consented at last to listen to Arnold's entreaties, and had sanctioned the writing of a letter to London, to order her wedding-dress.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN MISSISSIPPI.

We give on page 180 a sketch of the scene of the railroad accident near Oxford, Mississippi, on the 25th of February, taken a short time after the occurrence. Our readers will remember that the train ran off the rails while crossing a high trestle-bridge over a ravine, crushing down through the wood-work and breaking to pieces. Twenty persons were instantly killed and sixty wounded. The cause of the accident is believed to have been the unsound condition of the trestle timbers, which permitted the rails to spread apart, thus switching off the cars.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"The fashionable characterizers of modern nations," wrote Joseph Baretti, Samuel Johnson's friend, and the author of one of the best works on Spain in the English language—"a breed that in this century has prodigiously multiplied all over Europe—are unanimously agreed that there is a very great difference between the natural inclinations of this and that people, and that, for instance, idleness is as much inherent in the Spaniard and the Italian as the opposite quality in the Englishman or the Dutchman. That this is not the case, sober reason would tell us if we would but listen. Men have no inherent qualities but what are common to the whole species; and should we grant that the characterizers are right in their assertions, we could not avoid adopting the absurdly wicked opinion, that Providence has been so partial as to impart to one generation an innate love of labor, and to another an invincible aversion from it. These considerations often put me out of humor with those puny philosophers, who are perpetually ringing in our ears that the Italians are naturally jealous, the French naturally volatile, the Germans naturally heavy, the Spaniards naturally gloomy and lazy. Assertions of this sort should perpetually be combated, and every opportunity seized to condemn them as partial, as ridiculous, as absurd, and as generally tending to raise the contempt and antipathy of one part of mankind against the other—which ought to be nobody's business but the devil's. It is essentially the devil's business to spread these erroneous notions, that men may not consider themselves as brothers, but contemn and hate each other. Men not influenced by the suggestions of the devil have long since told us that mankind are nothing else but a great family; and he is no great friend to that family who contributes his mite toward keeping it in discord and in enmity with partial and false representations."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber-shop, and on the same day, to be shaved; one going in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw; I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

A Trade that Never Fails.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

"True to the Core"—A good apple.

Latest from Suez.—Our own correspondent, who has just returned from Suez, where he has been spending some time among the Arabs, says that the native chiefs are no great Sheiks. (Please pronounce *correctly*—shakes!)

Motto for French Red Republicans of 1870.—*Rouge et "Noir."*

THE TEUTON'S LAMENT.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! vat language dat,
  I can not English spraken,
For shust so sure I speak him right,
  So sure I bee's mistaken.

For when I says I wants my beer,
  I mean that lager fixen;
Bier means dem tings that folks ride on
  Ven dey go dead as blixen.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
  Den "raze" it down so cline,
"Rays" mean dem ting the sun trows,
  Ven it gets up to shine.

"Meat" means dem ting dat's coot to eat,
  "Meet" also means ting proper.
'Tis only "mete" to measure dese tings,
  Ven steampoats "meet" the stopper.

Shust de same words means every ting,
  It makes no business whether
You spell him dis or t'other way,
  Von sounds almost like t'other.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! so sure I knows
  I can not English spraken,
For ven I "nose" I speak him right,
  Vy, then, I gets mistaken.

The Spirit of the Times—The ghost of Hamlet's father.

The selectmen of a Connecticut town advertise a reward of $25 for the return of a stolen hearse "with the body of the thief inside."

A Gilt-y Trade—A carver and gilders.

"Excuse me, Sir," said a beggar, "but you have given me a counterfeit." "Well, well, my child, keep it for your honesty."

It is said that there is no holier spot of ground than a petroleum oil district.

"I owe you one," said a withered old bachelor to a lady, the other night, at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, though an old *man*, you may be still a young *gentleman*."

"Have you ever seen the Prince of Wales?" asked a lady of an old salt in New Bedford. "Certainly, marm, saw prints of 'em in the primer long afore I ever went to sea," said Tarpaulin.

Poisonous Sweets—Painted stage beauties.

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry-bush is called a grove.

On a tombstone in Germany there is painted a red ox, with tail elevated and head sunk, evidently on the point of running his horns into a chalk-white individual who is pressed up against a rock. Below the picture is this inscription:

"By the thrust of ox's horn
Came I into heaven's bourne;
All so quickly did I die,
Wife and children leave must I;
But in eternity rest I now,
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!"

A pupil of the public schools, during his parsing exercise, came to the word "with," which he boldly declared "a noun." "You have never seen it used as such," replied the teacher. "But I have, though," confidently retorted the young hopeful. "Where?" "Doesn't the Bible say, 'Bind me with seven *withs*, and I shall be as another man.'" The teacher was vanquished.

Intemperate Language—"Let's imbibe."

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received, through a medium, a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

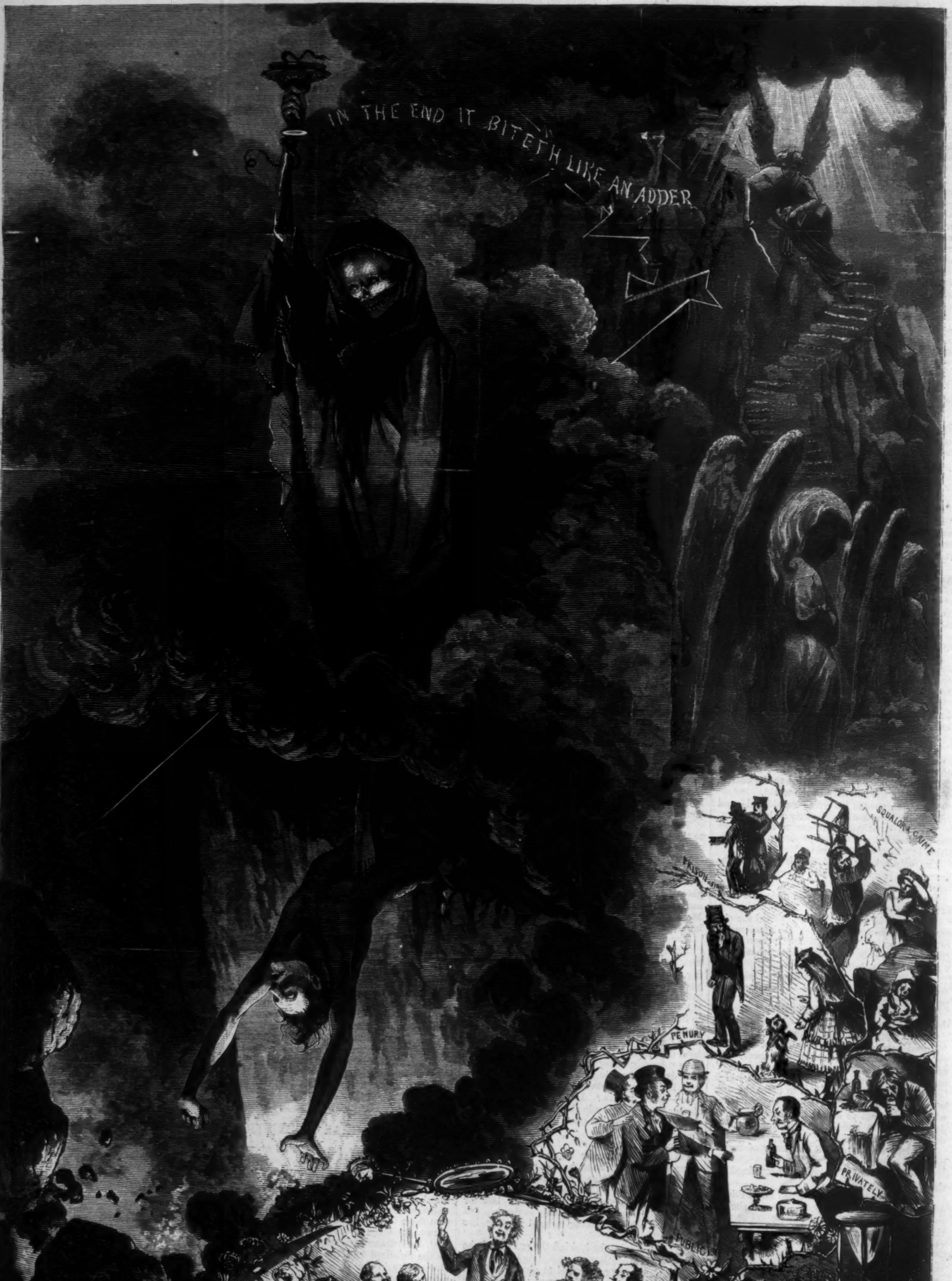
In a small shop-window in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is the advertisement of a patent inkstand, in four languages. It is to be hoped the two other versions of the French announcement are as good as the English one, which says: "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it."

Evergreens—Those who don't take the papers.

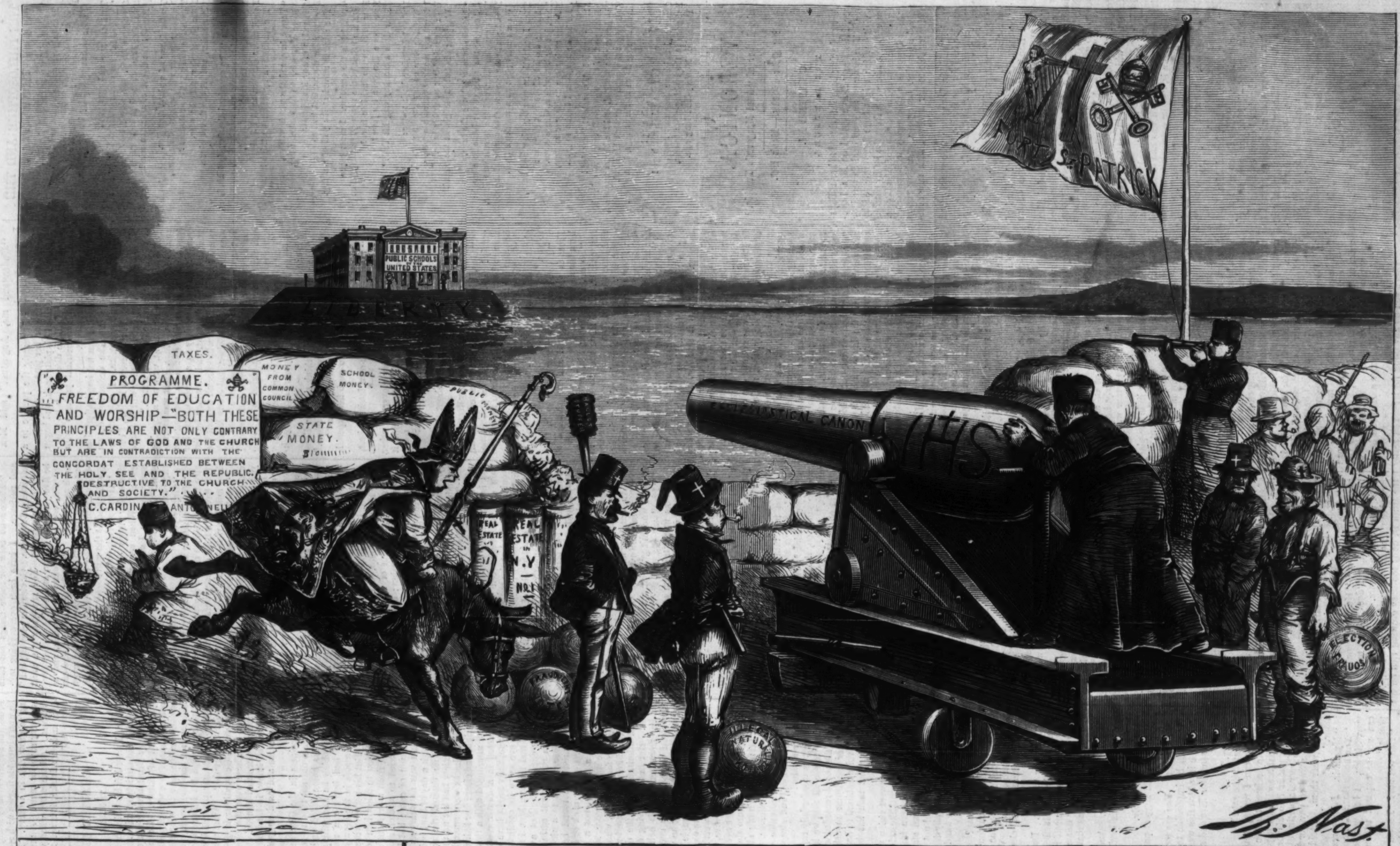
A lady entered a store a few days ago where butter and eggs are sold, and complained that half the eggs which she had purchased were rotten. The clerk's excuse was, "I can't help it. This time of the year the hens are sick, and often lay bad eggs."

"I am astonished, my dear Miss Rosa, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I have been wishing you would start for the last half hour."

Fast Horses—Those that are safely secured.


IN THE END IT BITETH LIKE AN ADDER
SQUALOR & CRIME
PRISON
PENURY
PRIVATELY
PUBLICLY
SOCIALLY

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]


PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES
LIBERTY
FORT S. PATRICK
TAXES.
MONEY FROM COMMON COUNCIL
SCHOOL MONEY.
PUBLIC MONEY
STATE MONEY.
PROGRAMME.
"FREEDOM OF EDUCATION AND WORSHIP—"BOTH THESE PRINCIPLES ARE NOT ONLY CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF GOD AND THE CHURCH BUT ARE IN CONTRADICTION WITH THE CONCORDAT ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THE HOLY SEE AND THE REPUBLIC. DESTRUCTIVE TO THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY." . . . .
C. CARDIN ANTO NELL
REAL ESTATE
REAL ESTATE IN N.Y — NO. 1
ECCLESIASTICAL CANON
IHS
ILLEGAL NATURALIZATION
ELECTION FRAUDS
Th. Nast

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

"FORT SUMTER."

THE MAN THAT HAULS DOWN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

Oh, little philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and pash your paste,
But still remember how glad you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was ages and ages past,
You've left the Claws and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin off, until at last
Behold! the flower of a human mind

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd anatomize?
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry; "I've examined the four-foot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind,
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go,
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which? is the question. I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to catch the invisible laws?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wag his Tail?"

Little philosopher, hark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a musical-box upon his knee,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

"Ah! che la morté!" was the tune,
Tangling the heart of the brute in a mesh:
'Twas summer time, and the month was June,
Low down in the west was the scythe of the moon,
On a sunset pink as a maiden's flesh.

Then I watch'd the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box peep in;
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up—and began to grin.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fled! 'twas fled!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, oh stay!
Let the works of the mind-watch go!
Claws and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARTNERS.

After having been introduced to her at Bayswater, Miss Betsy Boyce called on Mrs. Lovegrove. The latter was a good deal flattered by the visit; which might have been inferred by those who knew her well, from the loftily patronizing tone she assumed in speaking of Miss Boyce.

"Miss Boyce is a thoroughly well-connected person," said Mrs. Lovegrove, speaking across the dinner-table to her husband with much impressiveness.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, who was engaged in carving beef for the family.

"It is curious how immediately one recognizes blood."

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Lovegrove. "A little of the brown, Augustus?"

"No meat for me, Sir, thank you! Vigil of Blessed Ranocchius," returned the son of the house, austerely.

"My papa was wont to say," proceeded Mrs. Lovegrove, "that his was some of the best blood in England—in a genealogical sense, I mean. Not literally, of course, poor man, for he was a martyr to gout."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Lovegrove, whose interest in his dinner appeared to be more intense than that which he felt in his wife's respected parent.

"And in Miss Boyce," continued Sarah, in an *instructive* manner which was one of her peculiarities, "there is, despite eccentricity, an air of birth and breeding quite unmistakable."

"She seems a good-natured old soul," said Mr. Lovegrove. Whereat his youngest daughter, Phœbe, began to giggle.

"Levity, Phœbe, is low," said Mrs. Lovegrove, sententiously. "Miss Boyce gave me a terrible account of—" Mrs. Lovegrove broke off in her speech, and pointed downward with her finger in a manner that might have seemed to argue a startling allusion to regions usually ignored in polite society. But her family understood very well that she intended to signify Mr. Frost, whose office was on the floor beneath the room they were sitting in.

"Eh?" said Mr. Lovegrove. And this time he raised his eyes from his plate.

"I mean of the wife—of the wife. Deplorable!"

"Well, then, she is a less good-natured old soul than I thought," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "Mrs. Frost is her friend. I don't like that in Miss Betsy, my dear."

"Understand me, Augustus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

This phrase was frequently the preface to a rather long discourse on her part.

Her husband pushed his plate back, and began to cut his bread into little dice, which he afterward arranged in symmetrical patterns with much care and exactitude.

"Understand me! I am not implicating Miss Boyce. Far from it. The deductions drawn from what she said are mine. I only am responsible for them. If too severely logical, I can but regret it. But I conceive they will be found to be correct when the facts are stated."

The facts, when arrived at, were not altogether new to Mr. Lovegrove. Mrs. Frost was extravagant. Mrs. Frost was selfish in seeking her own pleasure and society in a circle which her husband did not frequent, and of which he disapproved. Mrs. Frost, who after all was but the wife of a respectable solicitor, had costly jewelry fit for any lady in the land! These were the main counts of Mrs. Lovegrove's indictment; and they were closely intermingled with much extraneous matter.

That afternoon Augustus Lovegrove said a few words to his father when they were alone together in the office.

"Do you know, father, I think that Mr. Frost ought to look after that wife of his a little more."

"Look after her! What do you mean?"

"I mean that he ought to curb her expenditure a little."

"I suppose he knows his own business best, Gus."

"Well, he certainly is very clever at other people's business. I don't deny that. But it may be that he is making a mess of his own. Such things sometimes happen. I did hear—"

"Eh? What did you hear?"

"Well, there are ugly rumors about the Parthenope Embellishment Company. And I did hear that Mr. Frost had dipped pretty deep in it."

"Gus, I hope you have not repeated any such gossip! It is always injurious to a professional man to be supposed unable to keep his tongue between his teeth."

"I, Sir? Oh, no; you may be quite easy about that. But I thought I would mention it to you."

"I don't attach any importance to it, Gus. Frost is too clear-sighted and long-headed to burn his fingers."

"So much the better, Sir," returned Augustus, quietly. And there was no more said at that time on the matter.

But Mr. Lovegrove thought of it seriously. Mr. Frost's proceedings had been by no means satisfactory to him of late. It was not that he had neglected the business of the firm, nor that he had seemed absent and absorbed in his own private affairs on occasions when matters pertaining to the office should have claimed his best energies. Nor was it that Mr. Lovegrove had accidentally heard that his partner had dealings with a money-lender of questionable reputation; nor the floating rumors that tradesmen had been dunning for their bills at the elegant little house in Bayswater. It was not any one of these circumstances, taken singly, that made Mr. Lovegrove uneasy; but the combination of them unquestionably did so. And his wife's gossip respecting Mrs. Frost's extravagance, to which he would at another time have attached no importance, became disquieting as adding one more to the accumulation of other facts. Later on that same afternoon, as he was leaving the office, he saw Hugh Lockwood coming out of Mr. Frost's private room. On the day when Hugh had given testimony as to the hour of Lady Tallis Gale's death Mr. Lovegrove and the young man had conceived a strong respect for each other. There had been the slightest possible acquaintance between them up to that time.

"Good-day, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, offering his hand. He was not surprised to see the young man coming from Mr. Frost's room. He was aware of the old and close intimacy that had existed between the latter and Hugh's father.

"Good-day, Sir."

"Is any thing the matter, Mr. Lockwood?" asked Lovegrove, struck with the expression of Hugh's face.

"Nothing, thank you. That is—to say truth, I *have* been put out a little."

And Hugh hastily shook Mr. Lovegrove's hand, and walked away with a quick step. Mr. Lovegrove stood looking after him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turned, and went into Mr. Frost's inner sanctum. He opened the door without first knocking at it, and, as the heavy panels swung back noiselessly, he had time to see his partner before his partner was aware of his presence.

Mr. Frost was standing at the little fire-place with his back to the door. He was leaning with his elbow on the mantle-piece, and supporting his head on his hands. At a slight noise made by Mr. Lovegrove he turned round, and the other man almost started on seeing the haggard face that fronted him. Mr. Frost's forehead was knit and creased into deeper folds than usual. There was a dark red flush upon it, and it seemed expressive of intense pain of mind or body. His jaw hung, and his usually firmly closed lips were parted. His eyes stared wildly, and seemed hardly to take note of that which they looked upon. All this lasted but for a second. He passed his hands over his forehead, and said:

"Hullo, Lovegrove! I didn't hear you come in. Do you want me? I hope not, just now; for I have an appointment, and must be off."

"I did want to say a word to you. I can wait, however. Do you know, Frost, that you are not looking at all well?"

"Am I not? Well, I have a devil of a headache."

"Don't you do any thing for it? You really do look uncommonly ill."

"There's no cure for these things but time and patience. I have been overworking myself lately, I suppose. Or else I'm growing old."

"Old! nonsense! You are—why you must be five years my junior, and I—"

"Oh, you are as sound as a roach, and as fresh as a daisy. But, my dear fellow, age can not always be counted by years. I feel worn out sometimes. How I hate this ceaseless grind, grind, grind at the mill!"

"H'm! Well, for my part, I can never be thoroughly happy out of harness for long together. When we take our sea-side holiday every summer, I am always the first to get tired of it. I long for what you call the pounce and parchment."

"Happy you!"

"If you hate it so, why don't you retire and give up your share of the business to my Gus? You haven't a tribe of daughters to provide for. You must be rich enough."

"Rich!" echoed Mr. Frost. "Who shall say what 'rich' means in these days? And besides, you know, one always wants a little more."

He had by this time nearly recovered his usual mien, and spoke with the self-confident careless air of superiority which had never failed to impress Mr. Lovegrove.

"Ay, ay, one knows all that," said the latter. "Why then, on the whole, you have—things have not gone so badly with you, eh?"

Frost gave him a quick and curious glance. Then his mouth stretched itself in a forced smile, to which, in the impossibility of attaining any thing like spontaneity, he communicated an exaggerated expression of irony. He was conscious of this exaggeration; but his muscles were not under his own control.

"Oh yes, they have!" he exclaimed. "Things have gone very badly indeed with me. I haven't got what I want by some ten or fifteen thousand pounds."

"Ten or fifteen thou—by Jove!"

"Well, you know, Lovegrove, every man has his hobby. Mine has been to die worth a certain sum. I sha'n't tell you what sum; you would be shocked at the extravagance of my desires. Not having yet reached the figure I had set myself, I consider that I have the right to grumble. Consequently I do grumble—to the world. But," he added, with a sudden change of manner, "but between friends and partners, like you and me, I may say that on the whole—on the whole, my nest isn't badly feathered."

"I thought it was—I thought so!" replied Lovegrove, nodding his head with a kind of sober triumph.

"Ah, but I grumble!"

"Rich men always do. Only, if I were you, Frost, I wouldn't grumble too much!"

"Eh?"

"Folks might take you at your word. And as all the world does not know how rich you want to be—why—don't you see?"

Mr. Frost laughed a little dry laugh, and clapped his partner on the shoulder.

"Ah," said he, "God knows there is wherewithal for plenty of grumbling without being poor. I'm harassed to death!"

"You have just had young Lockwood with you. I met him coming out."

"You met him! Did he—did he say any thing?"

"Say any thing? He said, 'Good-day.' Oh, and he said, too, that he had been a good deal put out."

"Put out! He is terribly pig-headed."

"Is he? Well, I rather liked him. I thought he came out so well in that affair of proving the time of Lady Tallis's death. But I always thought you were such a great friend of his."

"I tried to be. I offered to get him a fine position with a company abroad. But there are people whom it is impossible to befriend. They won't let you."

"Dear me! Then he refused your offer?"

"Yes; I had given him a little time to consider of it. But he came to-day to—to say that he would not hear of it. And that not in the most civil terms, either."

"Oh! So that was what he had been to see you about?"

"Of course! Did he say that he had come for any thing else?"

"Not at all. I told you what he said. But talking of companies abroad, Frost, I wanted to say one word to you. I did hear—"

"Another time—another time, Lovegrove. I shall be late as it is. I have an appointment in the City;" and Mr. Frost pulled out his watch impatiently.

"Oh, well, I won't detain you. Some day—some evening, after business hours, I should like to have a quiet chat with you, though."

"Of course. Delighted. Whenever you like."

Mr. Frost hurried off, and threw himself into the first empty cab that happened to be passing. As Mr. Lovegrove came out again through the front office, the senior clerk was putting on his hat and gloves preparatory to going home.

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove," said the clerk, "you were asking me about the bill of costs in Bowcher *v.* Bowcher!"

"Yes, I was. Has it been paid?"

"It has, Sir. Their solicitors sent down this afternoon, and the bill was paid. You were not here. Mr. Frost took the notes, saying that he was going into the City this afternoon and would bank them."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Burgess."

When the clerk had left Mr. Lovegrove's face changed.

"Another instance of Frost's thoughtlessness," he muttered. "He takes money to the bank for the firm, and does not go to the City until after banking hours. It had much better have been sent in the regular way. I suppose the truth is, he is too busy growing rich on his own account. I should never have guessed that Frost had the ambition of being wealthy. I hope he won't burn his fingers with speculations in trying to grow rich in a hurry. But he certainly is a very superior man! A most superior man is Frost. All the same, when your clever fellow does make a mistake, it is apt to be a big one."

CHAPTER XII.

TROUBLE.

Mr. Frost left his office in a state of pitiable disorder and anxiety of mind. It has been said that Sidney Frost hated failure; and still more the avowal of failure. He had originally involved himself in a web of dishonorable complications for the sake of winning the woman who had inspired the sole strong passion of his life. And it was still his infatuated love for her that caused the greater part of his distress. What would Georgy do? What would Georgy say? How would Georgy bear it if—the worst should happen? These were the chief questions with which he tormented himself. And at the same time he well knew, in his heart, that she would be cold as ice and hard as granite to his sufferings.

His business in the City, and the rumors he heard there, did not tend to reassure him. He drove to his home jaded and wretched. The headache which he had falsely pleaded to Mr. Lovegrove had become a reality. He threw himself on a sofa in the drawing-room and shut his eyes. But his nerves were in a state of too great irritation to allow him to sleep. Nor did the cessation from movement seem to bring repose. He tried to stretch and relax his limbs into a position of ease; but he ached in every muscle, and was as weary as a man who has gone through a day of hard bodily labor. Presently his wife entered the room. Care, and toil, and anxiety had set no mark on *her*. Her peach-like cheeks were smooth and fresh; her eyes bright and clear; her hair was glossy, abundant, and unmingled with a thread of gray. She was dressed in a dinner costume whose unobtrusive simplicity might have deceived an uninstructed eye as to its costliness. But, both in material and fashion, Mrs. Frost's attire was of the most expensive. Not a detail was imperfect: from the elegant satin slipper that fitted her well-formed foot to a nicety, to the fine old cream-colored lace round her bosom. There was no jewel on her neck or in her ears; not a chain, not a brooch, not a pin. But on one round white arm she wore, set in a broad band of gold, the famous opal, whose mild, milky lustre, pierced here and there by darts of fire, contrasted admirably with the deep purple of her dress. Her husband, lying on the sofa, looked at her from beneath his half-closed eyelids, as she stood for a moment uncertain whether he were awake or asleep. She was very beautiful. What dignity in the simple steadiness of her attitude! How placid the expanse of her broad white forehead! How sweet and firm her closed red lips! How mild, grave, and matronly the light in her contemplative eyes! She seemed to bring an air of peace into the room. Even the slight perfume that hung about her garments was soothing and delicious. If she would but stand so, silent and adorable, until her husband's eyes should close, and sleep come down upon them like a balm!

Thought is wonderfully rapid. Sidney Frost had time to see all that we have described, and to frame the above-recorded wish, before his wife opened her handsome mouth, and said, in the rich, low voice habitual to her:

"Sidney, that man has been dunning again for his bill."

Crash! The sweet vision was gone, shattered into broken fragments like a clear lake-picture disturbed by a stone thrown into its waters. The veins in Frost's forehead started and throbbed distractingly. He could not suppress a groan—more of mental than physical pain, however—and he pressed his hot hands to his still hotter brow.

"Sidney! do you hear? That insolent man has been dunning. You don't seem to consider how disagreeable it is for me!"

"What insolent man? Who is it that you mean?" muttered Frost, closing his eyes completely.

"You may well ask. Duns have been quite numerous lately," rejoined Mrs. Frost, with a sneer, as she seated herself in an arm-chair opposite to the sofa. "But none of them have been so insupportable as that Wilson."

"The jeweler?"

"Yes; the jeweler. And you know, really and truly, Sidney, this kind of thing must be put a stop to."

Frost smiled bitterly.

"How do you suggest putting a stop to it?" he asked.

"*I* suggest! You are too amusing."

It would be impossible to convey the disdain of the tone in which this was said.

"Wilson came here and saw you, and was insolent?"

"Very."

"What did he say?"

"How can I repeat word for word what he said? He declared that he must have the price of the opal bracelet. I happened to have it on, and that put it into his head, I suppose. He said, too, very impertinently, that people who can not afford to pay for such jewels had no right to wear them. I told him that was your affair."

"My affair. *I* don't wear bracelets."

"You know that it is nonsense talking in that way, Sidney. I beg you to understand that I can not be exposed to the insults of tradespeople."

"Can you not? Listen, Georgina. To-morrow you must give me that opal when I go to business. I shall drive first to Wilson's, and ask him to take back the bracelet. He will probably make me pay for your having had it so long; but, as the stone is a really fine one, I think he will consent to take it back."

"Take back my bracelet!"

"It is not your bracelet. Do you remember that, when you first spoke of buying it, I forbade you to do so, and told you the price of it was beyond my means to pay?"

"Take back my bracelet!"

"Come here, Georgy. Sit down beside me. Ah, how fresh and cool your hand is! Put it on my forehead for a moment. Listen, Georgy. I am in great trouble and embarrassment. I have a considerable sum of money which I—I—which I owe, to make up within six months. Six months is the limit of time allowed me."

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders with the air of a person who is being bored by unnecessary details. "Well?" she said.

Her husband suppressed his indignation at her indifference, and proceeded:

"During that time I shall have to strain every nerve, to try every means, to scrape together every pound. I shall have—"

"I thought," said Georgina, interrupting him, "that your journey to Naples was to make your fortune. I have not yet perceived any of the fine results that were to flow from it."

"Matters have not gone as I hoped and expected. Still I do not despair even yet. No; far from it. I believe the shares will come all right, if we can but tide over—" He checked himself, after a glance at her face. It was calm, impassive, utterly unsympathizing. Her eyes were cast down, and were contemplating the opal bracelet as the arm which it adorned lay gracefully on her lap. Sidney Frost heaved a deep sigh, that ended in something like a moan.

"I don't know whether you are listening to me, or whether you understand me, Georgina?"

"I heard what you said. But I can't see why you should want to take away my opal. I never heard of such a thing. I little expected that such a thing would ever happen to me."

"Be thankful if nothing worse happens to you."

"Worse! What can be worse? I promised to wear the bracelet at Lady Maxwell's, on Wednesday, to show to a friend of hers, a Polish countess, who boasts of her jewels. Lady Maxwell had told her of my bracelet, and had said, moreover, that mine was far handsomer than any single opal she had ever seen."

"You must make some excuse to her."

"What excuse can I make? It is too bad!" And Mrs. Frost put her delicate handkerchief to her eyes.

Her husband remained silent; and after a little while she looked up at him in perplexity. She did not often have recourse to tears. But she had hitherto found them infallible in softening Sidney's heart toward her, let him be as angry as he might.

Presently the dinner-gong sounded. After a short pause, Mrs. Frost wiped her eyes, and said, in a cold voice, "Are you not coming to dinner, Sidney?"

"No; it is impossible. I could eat nothing."

"Why not?" asked Georgina, turning her large eyes slowly on him.

"Oh, you have not, of course, observed so trifling a matter; but the fact is, I am very unwell."

"No; I hadn't noticed it," she responded, with cool naïveté.

After an instant's reflection it struck her that this indisposition might be the cause of her husband's unwonted severity. Sidney was often hot-tempered and cross, but such steady opposition to her wishes she was quite unused to. The opal might not be lost after all. She went to him and touched his forehead with her cool lips.

"Poor Sidney, how hot his head is!" she exclaimed. "I will send you a little soup. Try to take something, won't you?"

He pressed her hand fondly. The least act of kindness from her made him grateful.

"Dear Georgy! She does really love me a little," he thought, as she glided with her peaceful step out of the room. And then he began to meditate whether it might not be possible to spare her the humiliation of parting with her bracelet.

But soon a remembrance darted through his mind, which made his head throb, and his heart beat. No, no; it was impossible! Any sacrifice must be made to avoid, if possible, public disgrace and ruin. It would be better for Georgy to give up every jewel she possessed than to confront that final blow. Yes; the sacrifice must be made, for the present. And who could tell what piece of good luck might befall him before the end of the six months?

This was but the beginning of a period of unspeakable anxiety for Frost, during which he suffered alternations of hope and despondency, and feverish expectation and crushing humiliation, and during which he was more and more delivered up to the conviction that his wife was the incarnation of cold egotism. He strove against the conviction. Sometimes he fought with it furiously and indignantly; sometimes he tried to coax and lull it. When he should be finally vanquished by the irrefragable truth, it would go hard with him. Of all this Georgina knew nothing. Had she known, she would have cared; because she would have perceived that when the truth should have overcome the last of her husband's self-delusions it must also go hard with *her*.

Meanwhile there was anxiety enough—with which Frost was intimately connected—at the house in Gower Street. Maud and the vicar were gone away to Shipley. The upper rooms were shut up, and the house seemed almost deserted. There had come to be a barrier between Hugh and his mother. It did not appear in their outward behavior to each other. He was as dutifully, she as tenderly, affectionate as ever. But the unrestrained confidence of their intercourse was at an end. It must always be so when two loving persons speak together with the consciousness of a forbidden topic lying like a naked sword between them. Concealment was so intrinsically antagonistic to Hugh's character that his mother's aversion to speak confidingly with him respecting the confession she had made once for all was extremely painful to him. And his pain, which was evident to her, only served to make her the more reticent. She thought, "My son can never again love me as he loved me before I wounded his pride in me. He is kind still; but I am not to him what I was."

Maud was sadly missed by both mother and son. Her presence in the house had been like the perfume of flowers in a room. Now that she was gone, Zillah often longed for the silent sweetness of her young face. Maud had been able to soften the touch of sternness which marked Hugh's character, and which had in past years sent many a pang of apprehension to his mother's heart as she thought how hard his judgment of her would be when the dreaded moment of confession should arrive. And now the confession had been made, and her son had been loving and forbearing, and had uttered no hint of reproach, and yet—and yet Zillah tormented herself with the thought that she was shut out from the innermost chamber of his heart. Hugh had lost no time in telling his mother of his interview with Mr. Frost. He related all the details of it conscientiously, but without his usual frank spontaneity; for he saw in her face how she shrank from the recital; and in the constraint of his manner, she, on her part, read coldness and estrangement. She felt frightened as she pictured to herself the conflict of those two strong wills. Zillah, too, could be strong; but her strength lay in endurance less than action. And, besides, twenty years of secret self-reproach and the sting of a tormented and tormenting conscience had sapped the firmness of her character.

"You did not show him any mercy, then, Hugh?" she said, with her head leaning against her small pale hand, when her son had finished his narrative.

"Mercy! Yes, mother, surely I showed him more mercy than he deserved! I gave him six months' grace."

"Six months' grace. After five-and-twenty years of procrastination, how short those six months will seem to him!"

"And how long the five-and-twenty years seemed to you! But I told him the facts of the case plainly. The chance of buying the business I have set my heart on will remain open to me for yet half a year longer. If by the end of that time I have not given my answer, the chance will be lost. He *must* repay the money he stole by that time."

"Stole, Hugh! You did not use that word to him?"

"No, mother, I did not use that word; but I should have been justified in using it."

"And how did he—did he seem? Was he angry and defiant, or did he seem secure of his power to pay the money?"

"He was greatly taken by surprise; but he has great self-command. And he is so clever and specious that I do not wonder at his having imposed on you. He tried to take a high hand with me, and reminded me that he had been my father's friend. 'Yes; a false friend,' said I. Then he was silent. I did not reproach him with violence. I could not have brought myself to speak even as harshly as I did, had he met me in a different spirit."

"Do you think he will really have a difficulty in repaying the money? I can not understand it. He must be rich. Every one says that the firm is so prosperous."

"He recovered himself after a minute or so, and began to expatiate on the brilliant prospects of the speculations in which he is engaged. He waxed eloquent at the sound of his own voice; but I stopped him. 'Deeds, not words, are the only arguments that I can accept from you, Mr. Frost,' said I. 'You have not now got a woman and a child to deal with. I am a man, and I shall exact my own unflinchingly.' Before I left the office, he offered me his hand, but I could not take it."

"You refused his hand? That must have cut him to the quick. He is such a proud man."

"So am I," retorted Hugh, dryly.

Zillah bent silently over her work. Hugh did not see the tears that brimmed up into her eyes. Hugh did not guess the sharp pain that was in her heart. He had so fully and freely forgiven whatever injury his mother's weakness had occasioned to him: he had such pity in his man's heart for the unmerited sufferings that this frail, delicate, defenseless woman had undergone from her youth upward, that it never entered into his mind how her sensitive conscience made her attribute to herself a large share of the contempt and disgust he expressed for Mr. Frost.

"I am at least an accomplice in defrauding my son of his inheritance!" said the poor woman to herself. "Hugh does not mean to be unkind; but he must feel that all blame thrown upon Sidney Frost reflects on me."

The next time Mrs. Lockwood spoke, it was on an indifferent topic; and her son was hurt that she should so resolutely, as it seemed to him, shut him out from any confidential communion with her.

There needed some link between them; some one who, loving both, should enable them to understand one another. Maud might have done this good office. She might have served them both with head and heart. But Maud was not there, and the days passed heavily in the widow's house.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Two English photographers have just entered on a bold and spirited enterprise, being nothing less than photographing the principal objects of interest in the Land of the Pharaohs. With this object in view they some time since purchased at Glasgow a small screw steam yacht of sixteen tons burden, and have recently set out for the Nile, where the little vessel is expected to form a base for operations.

We notice that the Baltimore *American* has published the statement submitted by the Rev. Dr. Lanahan to the Book Committee of the M. E. Church, recently convened to investigate charges of fraud against certain employés of the Methodist Book Concern. As two examinations and two reports upon those charges have been made by two committees composed exclusively of clergymen, and *as neither of those reports has met with one paragraph of approval from the secular press of the country*, but, on the contrary, with unanimous disapproval, would it not be for the interest and reputation of the Book Concern, as well as for the dignity and honor of the Church, that a committee of *laymen—business men*—men who are practically familiar with such subjects in all their details; who are competent to detect the ingenious expedients resorted to by rogues to cover up "irregularities;" who would come to such an investigation not as to the discussion of a question of metaphysics, but simply as a matter of *business* and *justice*—would it not be well that those charges should be submitted to the searching scrutiny of a committee composed of men of *that sort?* A report, full and thorough, from *such* a committee, would, we undertake to say, be received as conclusive—certainly none other will—by the fair-minded, intelligent, truth-loving clergy and laity of the country. Does not the exigency of the case demand it?

The advocates of woman suffrage will feel inclined to contribute largely to send more teachers to the benighted freedmen when they learn in what dreadful ignorance they are in respect to the progressive movements of the day. "Ladies," observed one newly-fledged sable voter, in a melting voice, "is my heart's delight. My old mother is a lady; and I love her best in her own place, close by de cook-pot." Another gave vent to his feelings: "Shall woman, poor, weak, puny woman, come out and stretch her arm as long as mine? Never! Let her scrub her floors and tend her babes. If ladies *are* educated, and *can* teach me, dey can't shoulder a musket. Right here, in my *ignorance*, I'm worth more to this United States than any dozen women!" A fresh regiment of smart lady teachers should be immediately sent South!

Prince Arthur was unwilling to leave the United States without paying some compliment to American women. Therefore he sent to Miss Minnie Sherman, the daughter of General Sherman, an elegant gold medallion, having the likeness of his precious self on one side, and that of the Queen on the other. This rich gift was accompanied with a royal *petit billet-doux*, in which the Prince requested Miss Minnie to accept the souvenir in token of his appreciation of the generous hospitalities he had enjoyed in the house of her father, and as a slight tribute to the beauty of American women, of which she was an exponent.

A healthy mind in a healthy body is capable of a great amount of labor without injury. Our students and professional men are broken down not so much by excessive brain labor as by too little physical exercise and too much food for the stomach. More are injured, probably, by excessive indulgence in bodily appetites than by excessive brain work.

Many years ago a somewhat singular, but a very pleasant, interview took place between an intelligent and cultivated American lady and Queen Victoria. The lady had been to Germany for her health, and on her way home, stopping a while in England, she was presented to the Queen. She received, as she thought in common with others, a few words of royal welcome. But the Queen seems to have been attracted by the demeanor of the refined American lady, and soon a request was brought that she would pay a visit at Windsor. The day was named, and at the appointed time a carriage was sent for her. Victoria and Albert received the lady alone in the library. Her Majesty said she had long desired an opportunity to learn from an American lady many particulars concerning the *inner home life* of a country so nearly allied to England. And she asked many questions about the social relations of different grades of society; the religious training of children by mothers; what intellectual education and accomplishments were considered essential for daughters of the better classes; how much mothers intrusted their children to servants; what influence was exerted by the clergy; and numerous questions of a kindred nature. A single interview was not sufficient for the Queen, and a second was appointed. At its close, after many expressions of interest concerning the welfare of both countries, the Queen said, as she cordially gave one hand to Mrs. ——, while the other rested on Prince Albert's arm: "There shall be no distrust between my country and your country if *we* can avert it."

There is a report that Madame Emile Ollivier is about to place herself at the head of the reaction in favor of decency and simplicity in the matter of dress in the higher circles of Paris. The ladies of riper age than Madame Emile Ollivier, who is very young, very fair, and very pretty, are disposed to resent this assumption on her part, but she has a strong army of adherents. At her own receptions she is so simply attired that, of necessity, her guests imitate her example. Then the readoption of a high dress for dinner-parties, which fashion she persists in following, puts to shame all the bare shoulders over which the frosts of many winters have passed.

A good story is told of a fashionable dress-maker, who, on being told the limit which Madame Emile had fixed to the expense of a desired ball dress, coolly exhibited his book of fashions, and observed, as he turned over the pages, "I can make *half* this one, or one-third of this one, or the upper part of this one; but there is none that I could afford to execute altogether for the sum mentioned by Madame." Needless to say that the great *couturier* was dismissed with nothing more than a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the scene on the part of the fair young bride, and that she had recourse to a dress-maker of less pretension.

Under the auspices of the "German Colonization Society of Colfax, Colorado," a colony of Chicago citizens, numbering about two hundred and fifty men, women, and children, recently departed for a home in the Western wilds. Forty thousand acres of land have been granted to the society; and according to the plan of organization, each adult member pays two hundred and fifty dollars, which constitutes a common fund out of which all general expenses of the colony are paid. All the branches of industry and enterprise are to be conducted on the co-operative plan for five years, at the expiration of which time an equal subdivision of lands, improvements, assets, etc., will be made. Colfax is situated two hundred and fifty miles from Fort Wallace, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, seventy miles from Puebla and thirty miles from Cañon City, the latter, a village of five or six hundred souls, being the nearest settlement. The district is described as one admirably adapted to agriculture.

Auerbach is willing to dispose of the copyright of his latest novel for the pretty little sum of seventy-five thousand dollars.

The climate of California is so favorable for maturing the mulberry-tree that those who are engaged in the culture of silk have been enabled to adopt the Chinese and Japanese mode of cultivating. This system is that of cultivating the trees as dwarfs, and near together, something in the style of cotton plantations. By this system at each crop at least twice as much foliage per acre can be produced as by the orchard system—which the damp climate of Southern Europe compels the silk-growers of those countries to follow. The production of silk in California is as easy and as simple to learn as is the production of wheat. The trees are much more easily and cheaply grown than fruit trees. Any body, in one hour's time in a cocoonery, can be taught how to manage and feed the worms, and save and care the cocoons for market. By a little practice a woman or girl can become an expert at reeling silk, and then the whole process is mastered. Until comparatively recently nobody in this country knew how to reel the silk from the cocoons properly. But now that a machine has been invented, which will doubtless be to the silk culture what the cotton-gin was to cotton, this industry must flourish. This patent reeler will wind the silk off from the cocoons in the cleanest and most expeditious manner.

Russia is ahead of America in some things. A certain M. Buchan has recently invented a mode of warming railway carriages without expense, by utilizing the heat of the locomotive. He has received a diamond ring from the Empress of Russia in token of her appreciation of his services. In Russia they have four classes of railway carriages, all well-warmed and comfortable. The first-class are provided with every luxury.

The New York City Mission, during the forty years of its existence, has had 130 different laborers. About six years ago the directors of this Society expanded their previous system of operations, and reports and documents were widely circulated, which resulted in the receipt of some liberal contributions. The City Mission now has three handsome, commodious chapels and a good parsonage, property in all worth $75,000, entirely free and unincumbered. In 1866 the Society was reorganized and incorporated, and an executive committee of fifteen pastors and laymen—Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby being an active member of it—was appointed to carry forward the practical operations of this important work. About this time the Rev. George J. Mingins, well known for his successful labors in connection with the Christian Commission, was invited to become the Superintendent of Missions. During the past four years over $200,000 have been raised and expended for the support of missionaries and the general work, and more than $100,000 have been contributed toward the erection of mission chapels.

The Working-Women's Protective Union is a voluntary institution, supported solely by free contributions and subscriptions. In 1868 several gentlemen of New York city pledged themselves to subscribe to it one hundred dollars annually, and they have regularly fulfilled their promise. The payment of ten dollars constitutes any person a member of the Union. Legal advice and services are given free of cost to women who find it difficult to recover their hard-earned money from unscrupulous employers. The Union also exercises its good offices in procuring necessary medical advice and attention for those who are broken down with anxiety and overwork. During the year 1869 the Union received nearly nine thousand applications for employment.

Our paper of March 5 contained a short article on the subject of ice-machines. We have since seen a copy of *Le Brasseur*, in which we find an account of an experiment recently made in Marseilles by the *Messageries Impériales* Steamship Company. The Company, having to ship to Suez a quantity of ice for the use of its steamers in the Indian Ocean, desired to ascertain what description of ice would best answer their purpose. To that end they purchased 100 kilogrammes (220 pounds) of ice from various dealers, none of the latter being advised of the object of the purchase. These samples being placed under identical conditions of temperature, gave the following results: 1. Natural ice from Switzerland lasted 107 hours; 2. Natural ice from Norway lasted 115 hours; 3. Artificial ice made by the Carré machine lasted 130 hours; 4. Natural ice from Boston, United States, so justly celebrated the world over, lasted 138 hours; 5. Artificial ice made by the Tellier machine lasted 144 hours. It is with great pleasure that we make this statement, as it will serve to dispel the popular prejudice that artificial ice is less solid than natural ice.

The word calico is derived from *Calicut*, a district in India, where the art of printing calico has been known from time immemorial. The richest and most beautiful designs on cotton are produced in France, and the combinations of colors peculiar to French calicoes are recognized throughout the world. The French have studied the principles of this art most profoundly. The most expert chemists are constantly experimenting upon coloring. The immense manufactories in France owe their origin to Oberkampf, who about the year 1759 founded an establishment for printing calicoes in the valley of Jouy, near Versailles.

There is an old negro woman living in Harrodsburg, Kentucky—so says a Southern paper—who is almost white. She is over one hundred years of age, and during the lapse of a century the black pigment which gave color to her skin has disappeared. Her face, hands, neck, and arms are of pearly whiteness, and her hair is snow-white, besides having lost much of the kinky appearance which is characteristic of the negro's wool. *Query:* Did she not "paint" in her young days, as fashionable ladies do at the present time, only with different materials?

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered a great loss in the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. McCLINTOCK, the celebrated preacher and theologian, which occurred on Friday, March 4, at his home in Madison, New Jersey.

Dr. McCLINTOCK was born in the year 1814, in the city of Philadelphia. When quite a boy he entered the grammar-school of the University of Pennsylvania, then under the direction of Dr. WYLIE, a famous Greek scholar in his day. Subsequently he was appointed book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern of this city; in this position he acquired a thorough knowledge of business, which was of great service to him in all his subsequent life. Leaving New York he entered the university of his native city, from which he graduated with high honor in 1835. He had commenced preaching before completing his college studies, and in 1836 joined the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this same year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle.

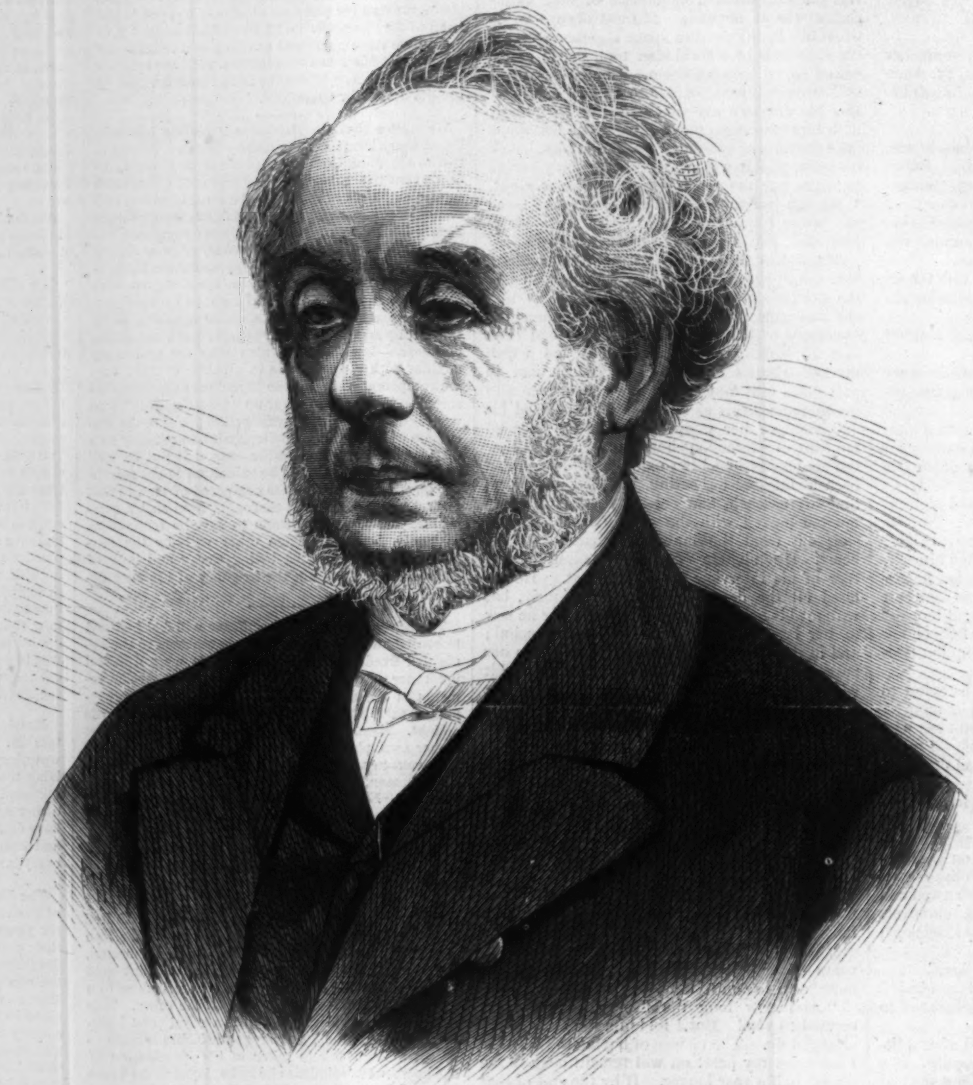
His career as Professor was brilliant and successful. In 1839 he exchanged the chair of Mathematics for that of Ancient Languages, and proved himself to be equally at home in either. His studies were so various, and his attainments even then so extensive, that he could have with ease taken charge of any department in the institution. During this period he prepared, in conjunction with Professor BLUMENTHAL, a translation of "Neander's Life of Christ;" and, in association with Professor CROOKS, a series of Latin and Greek Elementary Text-books, which have passed into extensive use in our colleges and schools.

From 1848 to 1856 Dr. McCLINTOCK edited the *Methodist Quarterly Review* with conspicuous ability. Under his direction the *Quarterly* took an important part in the discussion of the leading questions of the age, whether theological, metaphysical, or literary. The influence of the *Review* was felt and acknowledged by the educated men of our country. In 1857, in association with Bishop SIMPSON, he was delegated to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church in the British Wesleyan Conference. In the same year he became pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, where he established his reputation as one of the most eloquent preachers of the country. To every natural gift that an orator could claim, he added a clear apprehension of Christian truth and a most earnest desire to use it for the highest good of men.

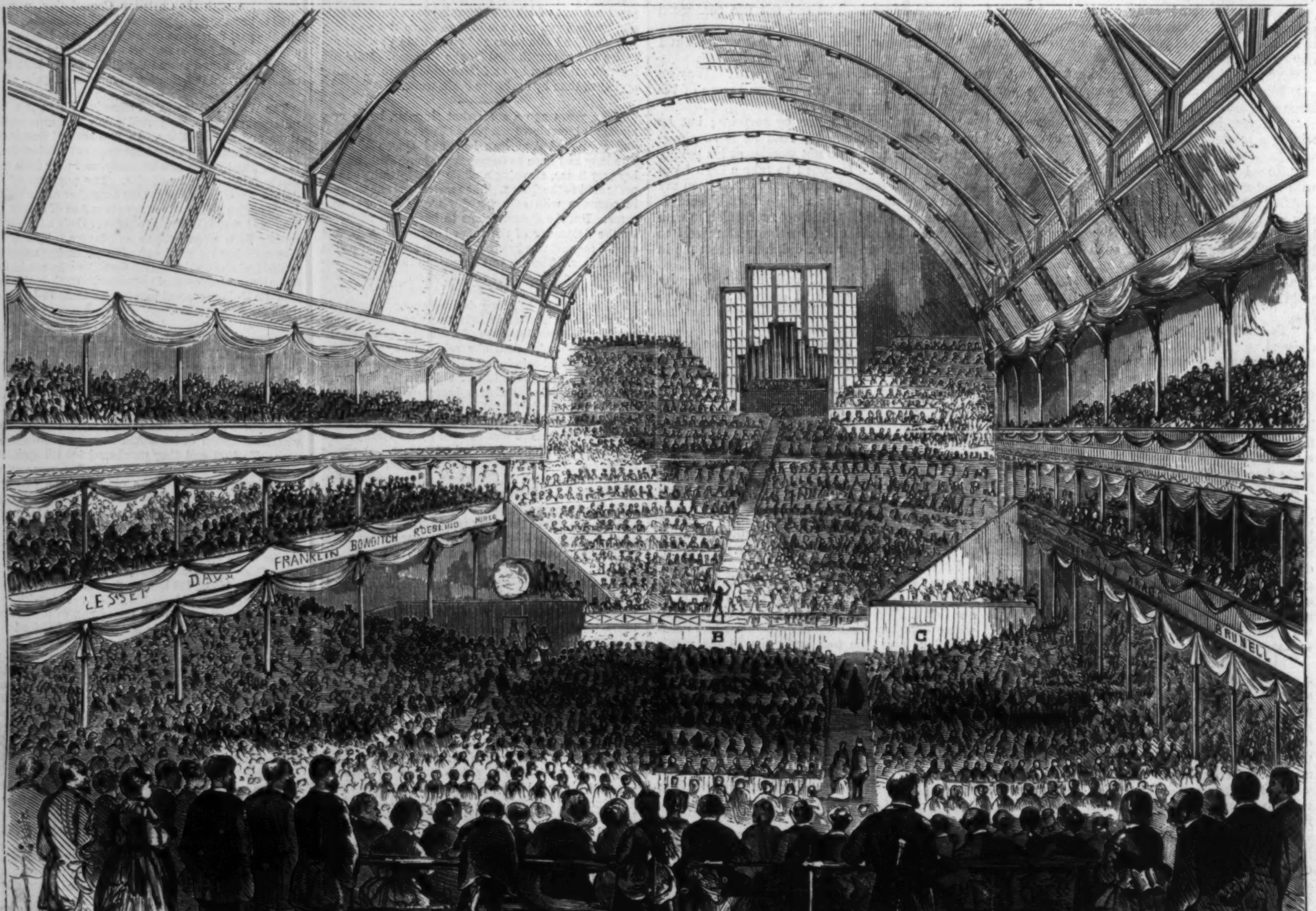
In 1860 Dr. McCLINTOCK took charge of the American chapel in the city of Paris. When our Civil War broke out it was soon made apparent that he was "the right man in the right place." The task of stemming the torrent of English and French prejudice against our national cause was disheartening; but Dr. McCLINTOCK was equal to it. By the printing and circulation of documents he corrected misrepresentations; by the aid of an extensive correspondence and his great personal influence he enlisted the co-operation of others, until a wide-spread system of agencies was successfully brought to bear upon European public opinion. No American who spent the years of the rebellion abroad deserved better of his country than did Dr. McCLINTOCK.

Upon his return home near the close of the war, Dr. McCLINTOCK accepted for a second time the pastorate of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, but was compelled to resign this position from ill health. In 1867 he began the organization of Drew Theological Seminary, founded and endowed by DANIEL DREW of our city. In this work Dr. McCLINTOCK achieved one of the greatest successes of his career, and while still occupied with it closed his life on earth.

He had for many years been engaged with Dr. STRONG in the preparation of a Biblical and Theological Cyclopædia. Of this three volumes had been published at the time of his death, and the material of the remaining volumes had been largely prepared. This work will remain a monument of Dr. McCLINTOCK's broad and accurate scholarship and his untiring industry. When painfully conscious of failing health, he expressed a de-



THE LATE JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. R. TOWNSEND.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

sire to live chiefly that he might finish the Cyclopædia. But this was not to be.

Dr. McClintock's life is an example of great powers faithfully used. His industry was unflagging; and until prostrated by disease, his capacity for labor was such as to make him insensible to fatigue. Whatever he did he would do thoroughly; for slovenly work he had no tolerance. His studies ran out in every direction, yet his learning was accurate and profound. He acquired knowledge rapidly, but systematized it with care. An orderly method was a necessity of his nature. His acquisitions, as a consequence, were always available when they were wanted. In the pursuit of the substance of knowledge he did not despise form; but expressed himself in a style of remarkable chasteness and finish. He was equally a man of books and a man of affairs—a writer and an orator; in brief, a various, versatile, and extraordinary man.

Of his many personal qualities it does not become us here to speak, save to say that his life was singularly pure, gentle, and affectionate. His friends, and the Church of which he was a distinguished representative, will long deplore his death as an irreparable loss.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JUBILEE.

We give this week, on page 188, a view of the interior of the San Francisco Mechanics' Pavilion, from a sketch taken on the first day of the grand musical festival held there, under the management of Madame Camilla Urso, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library of that city, commencing February 22, and continuing three days. It was a great success in every point of view, and after paying all expenses netted about $55,000 to the library.

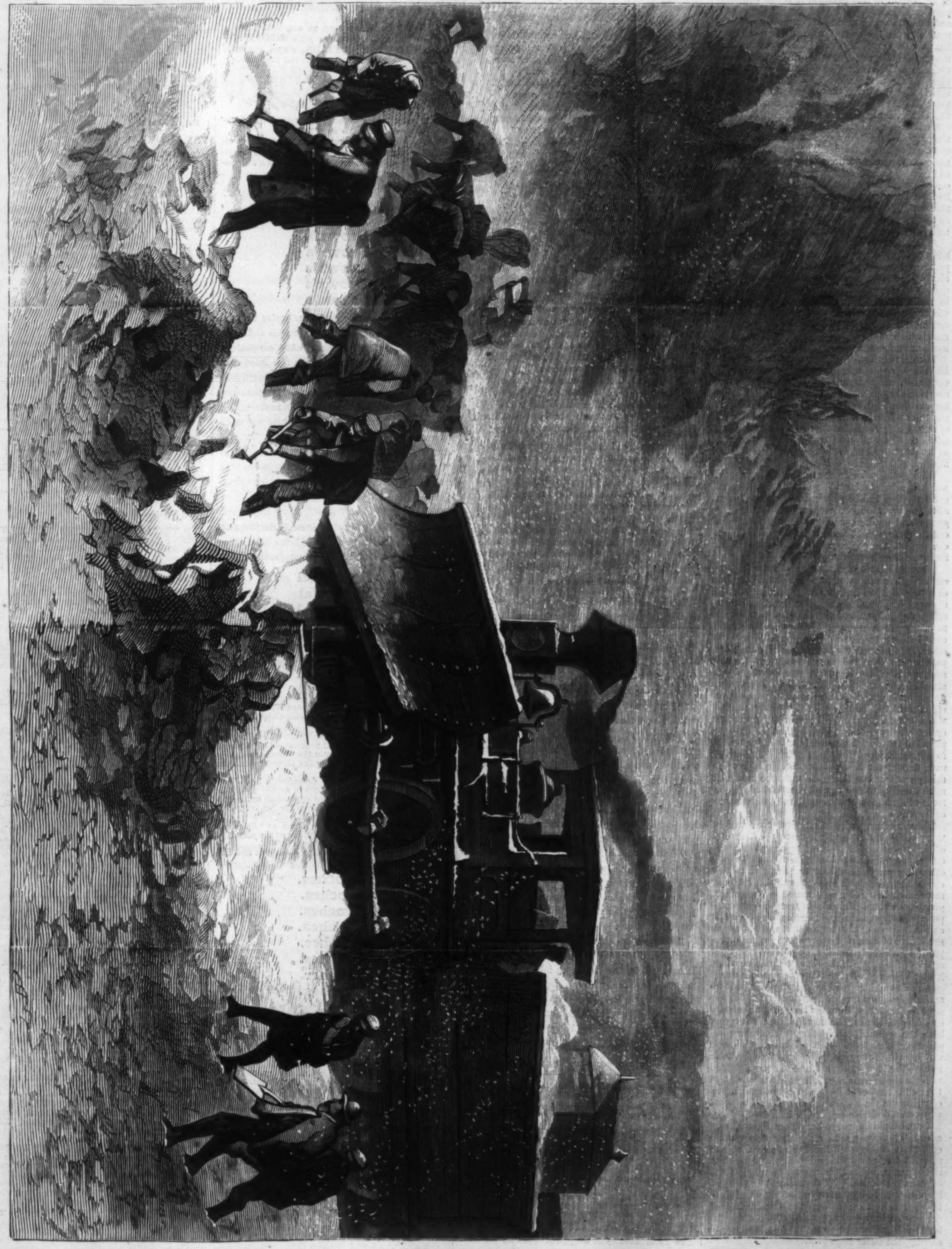
SNOW ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

One of the mishaps to which the traveler on the Pacific Railroad is liable, at this season of the year, is that of being snowed in while crossing the high mountain range that separates the great plains from the Pacific slope. Our illustration on this page represents a train overtaken by such a catastrophe. It has been stopped by a heavy drift, through which it is powerless to shove the iron snow-plow, and all hands are turned out, without distinction, to clear away the obstruction.

LAYING OUT ROADS AND WALKS.

In no department of garden art do we more frequently see a lack of taste than in the laying out of the roads and walks of a country place. Too often the approach to the house from the entrance gate is a straight line, either by itself or in combination with a circle, an oval, or other positive geometrical form; sometimes we see walks so laid out as to cut the lawn into two or more parts; or, if a winding road or walk is to be made, it is done by joining at their ends a series of reversed semicircles or arcs of circles.

A straight carriage road leading directly from the entrance gate to the dwelling-house, with the latter directly in sight, is always unpleasing on account of its stiffness and formality, and its doing away with all idea of seclusion and privacy, and the suggestion of baldness which it conveys. Sometimes we see this straight road, shortly before it reaches the house, terminate in a large circle or oval, which forms the turn-round for the carriages. It is true that sometimes a straight road is admissible, as when the dwelling is situated at some distance from the entrance, and



A SNOW DRIFT ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

the road can itself be made of sufficient width, with a wide border of grass on each side of it, each border planted with a row of overarching trees. In such cases the grassy borders on either side should be of the same width as the roadway, and the trees planted on the outer edge of them; such a road becomes a grand avenue of approach, and impresses the visitor with an idea of grandeur. Even in such cases the road should not terminate abruptly in front of the house, but at some considerable distance therefrom it should gradually diverge from the straight line, and approach the house with long, flowing curves. The use of a winding road as an approach to a dwelling conveys the idea of spaciousness of grounds, admits of greater breadth of lawn, and permits the planting thereon of groups or masses of trees and shrubs, giving occasional glimpses of the house as we approach it, and giving an air of snugness and seclusion thereto.

In laying out public parks and country places of any extent in this country, it is the common practice to employ surveyors or civil engineers, and their universal mode of laying out a winding road is by the use of arcs of circles or some similar positive form. Now it must be borne in mind that neither the circle nor the oval (or ellipse), as ordinarily made from a combination of two circles, is known in nature as a line of motion; that is to say, nothing that moves in nature ever moves in these lines, but always, according to the circumstances that control them, move in other lines—such as the cycloid, the trajectory, the parabola, or the hyperbola, or combinations or modifications of them. The circle or combinations of various portions of it are appropriate as inclosing forms; as, for instance, in the laying out of flower-beds in the geometrical style, where its form or portions of it can be made to harmonize with the triangle, the hexagon, the square, or other rectilinear forms, which can not so well be done with other classes of curved lines.

All the lines of roads and walks should be free and flowing, without abrupt turns or forcible departures from the lines which the natural contour of the ground may suggest, or groups or masses of trees or shrubs may require, in order to avoid them. Many think that, to make a winding road, all that is necessary is to make it continually zigzag in and out on curved lines, than which nothing can be more erroneous or more at variance with correct taste.

The curves should not be set out to any regular radius, and the length or extent of their divergence from a central line should be very varied and irregular, and the turns neither sudden nor abrupt; and to maintain a proper interest and to conduce to a newness of scene, a variety of curves should be introduced, great care being taken to blend any two curves nicely together, so as not to produce a straight or tame line at their junction.

Where undulation in the surface of roads and walks can be obtained, it will be productive of great variety, and be very effective; but sudden swells or dips are to be avoided; they should be gentle and gradual, and pass softly into each other; their highest and lowest parts should occur toward the centre of the lateral curves, as there the lines blend the easiest.

Some sufficient object should always be presented as the reason or cause for the divergence of a walk or road from a straight line. A tree, a group of plants, a change of level, or something of a similar character, should always appear to justify the divergence. No two walks should ever be seen to any extent as parallel to each other, as it conveys the idea of one of them being useless; in cases where circumstances render such parallelism necessary, one of the roads should be masked from the other by intervening swells or banks of earth clothed by masses of shrubs, or by these latter alone. Neither should walks end in a mere cul de sac; some definite or sufficient object of interest should always be placed at its termination, when it is not desirable to carry it beyond a certain point. An arbor, seat, or summer-house, is a suitable object for this purpose; but the walk must be returned upon itself by means of a circular bed or loop in front of them, the bed being planted with shrubs or flowers.

The use of serpentine walks gives great variety to a place; but this variety is destroyed if several of the curves can be seen at the same time; the curves, therefore, should not be exposed to each other at any point, and be varied as much as they can be in their length and expansion. In order to prevent their being so exposed to each other, groups or masses of shrubs or trees, largely composed of evergreens, should be planted principally at the hollows of the curves, but not exactly in the centre of each and every curve; a large proportion should be planted more or less to the right or left of the centre of the curve, on the line where it first begins to diverge from the previous one.

A main carriage road should always terminate at the house, and never be carried beyond it; the road to the stables from the house should always be narrower than the main road, or in some way have the appearance of being of secondary importance impressed upon it. When the house is within sight of the public highway, it is desirable to have the lawn in front of the house so planted with shrubs or trees as to intercept any view from the public road of the setting down or taking up of visitors at the door of the house. In no other way can a desirable privacy be had.

Care should be had in laying out the walks on a country place not to make them too numerous, as it destroys all breadth of lawn, and so mars its beauty; and, besides, they add much to the expense, both in their first construction and after maintenance. Neither should they be so laid down as to expose any great extent of them longitudinally to view from the dwelling-house; nor should they ever appear as crossing a lawn; but should always be so planned as to appear as skirting the outer edge of it.

It is not possible to give absolute directions in this department of garden art, as the work to be done is so modified or controlled by varying circumstances. By applying these general hints to each individual case, such of our readers as are about improving their homesteads will be able to avoid the incongruities and unpleasant effects too often seen in such places or in the public parks of our cities.

THE ROSE.

A ROSE-BUD grew by the castle wall,
And the stars of eve their dews let fall
The lily look'd up in tenderness,
And the south wind woo'd it with soft caress.
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The hyacinth trembled in breezeless air;
The violet faded in sweet despair;
And the nightingale sang till its heart would break;
And all for the rose-bud's darling sake.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

But the rose unmoved at noon, eve, and dawn,
Sat in cold, calm, passionless grace withdrawn;
Inly saying, "The earl's young daughter alone,
As my sister in beauty, I care to own."
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The earl's young daughter was fair in sooth,
She walked in the light of her fearless youth;
"My beauty," she said, "like the queen on her throne,
Shall take all homage, and yield to none."
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

Her maidens tired her out one night
In a robe of satin all pearly-white;
Then spoke she to one: "By the castle wall
There grows a rose-bud fairest of all."
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
"Go, bring it to me; for this night I'll wear
Its crimson grace in my black, black hair;
And squire, knight, or baron may sigh till they die,
My rose-bud will mind them as much as I."
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

How she shone in the glory of unshadowed light,
When all pulses were maddened with musical might,
With her eyes' cruel mildness, and lips curved in scorn,
As with lover and lover she danced till the morn!
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
A heartless word had but passed her lips,
When her crimson cheek had a wan eclipse;
And she placed her hand to her heaving side,
And she fell like a falling star in her pride.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

In her satin they placed her upon her bed;
None ever looked fairer than she when dead.
They left the red rose untouch'd in her hair;
You could not tell which was most fair.
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
Together, just under the coffin-lid,
That maiden, that rose, slept, in darkness hid;
Their pride and their beauty they had but one day;
Which was the fairer none ever could say.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

THE attention of printers and others is called to the following emphatic indorsement of the NOVELTY PRESS (manufactured by BENJ. O. WOODS, 351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.) by Mr. J. C. SWAYZE, Publisher of *The American Union*, the official paper of the State and United States Governments, Macon, Ga.:

"I beg leave to call the attention of printers and business men to the superior advantages of the press.

"It is just as good a job press as country printers have any use for, and they can procure it for one-ninth the price of other presses that do their work no better. For instance: the Gordon Press, quarto size, costs $450; while the Novelty, of the same size, that will do just as good work, costs but $50.

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"Job printers throughout the country should look after this press. It is just what they need. It saves time, trouble, type, ink, rollers, and a printer's patience, who is compelled to do small jobs on his newspaper press; besides, it enables him to do nice work, which can not be done on a large hand press."—[*Com.*]

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having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches have a soothing effect.

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Owing to the good reputation, extensive use, and popularity of the *Troches*, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered in boxes, *which are good for nothing*. Ask for and OBTAIN the *true* BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which, by long experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Do not be deceived by those who make a larger profit by selling worthless imitations. We would caution dealers in selling the various imitations offered by unprincipled manufacturers, as sellers of an article violating our trade-mark, are as liable to prosecution as makers.

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Bronchial

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 21, 1859.—SUPERIOR COURT, *Special Term*.—HON. JOSEPH BOSWORTH, *Chief Justice*.—TRADE-MARK CASE.

"This is a case commenced by the plaintiffs, who are druggists, in Boston, and proprietors of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' to restrain the defendant, a New York druggist, from violating the trade-mark of the plaintiffs.

"The Court held that the defendant's labels and wrappers, being a close imitation of the plaintiffs' trade-mark, the plaintiffs were entitled to an injunction to restrain the defendant from the further use or violation of plaintiffs' trade-marks, and from making or selling lozenges under the name of 'Bronchial Troches,' *and from any further use of the plaintiffs' labels, wrappers*, and *other trade-marks*."

John Sherwood, for Plaintiffs; Washburn and Sullivan, for Defendant.

Troches.
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Troches.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—Before RECORDER HOFFMAN. NEW YORK, *March* 28, 1864.

"The defendant, a drug broker, was arrested for counterfeiting, forging, and imitating the *trade-mark*, label, wrapper, box, etc., of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' prepared by John I. Brown & Son, of Boston, and for selling these counterfeits.

"He was indicted by the Grand Jury, under the statute of 1862 for the protection of trade-marks.

"The defendant was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, the Recorder remarking that he could not see the difference between forging a man's trade-mark and forging his name to a note or check, except that in forging a trade-mark even greater loss was incurred by the manufacturer than if his name had been forged to a note."

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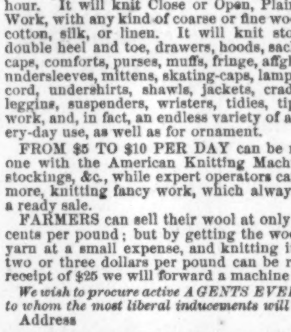

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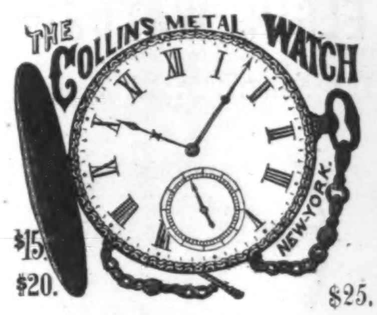

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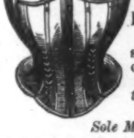

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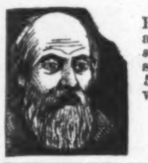

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